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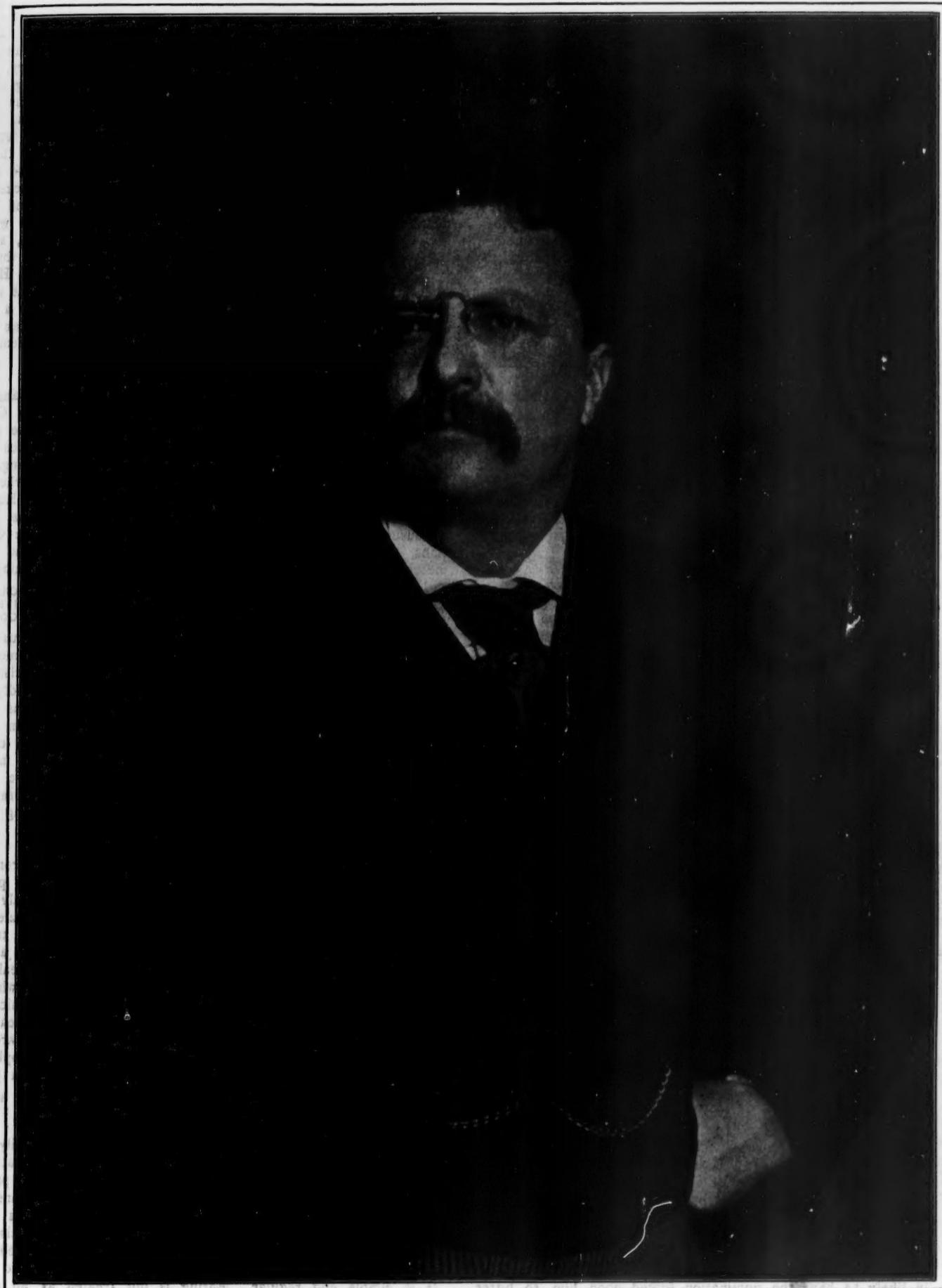
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COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1904

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NOMINATED FOR PRESIDENT AT THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION, CHICAGO, JUNE 23



WHY IS MR. ROOSEVELT not only one of our most useful statesmen, but also our most popular and successful politician? Few men in American public life who are so moral in their political methods succeed so brilliantly in the game of politics. The explanation is to be found largely in the President's humanity. He is the active, healthy, honorable American on an enlarged scale. He is not different. He is only larger. Therefore what he does is instinctively understood and approved by this average honest American. The President does not need to put his ear to the ground very often, because by merely following his own nature he follows and leads the country. The German Emperor is a twelfth-rate poet, it has been said, "but because he is a poet at all he knocks to pieces all the first-rate politicians in the war of politics." Poet, in the sense of this quotation, means little more than a man with a full stock of emotions which enable him to comprehend without effort the emotions of other men. "There is one Greek word for 'I do' from which we get the word practical, and another Greek word for 'I do' from which we get the word poet.... The two words practical and poetical may mean two subtly different things in that old and subtle language, but they mean the same in English and the same in the long run." To respond to general passions and aspirations, to have the feelings of humanity in all your nerves, is a help and not a hindrance to being practical. We sometimes speak as if a cold, calculating gamester were most likely to succeed in the intricacies of political warfare. It is not true. Nothing helps the President more in popularity than the dash and sincerity of his impulses. He writes a book, reads a book, runs a ranch, works as deputy sheriff, begins his political record in the New York Assembly, goes to Cuba, or fills the Presidency with the same ardent reality, and therefore, primarily, do the people love him.

OUR LEADING POLITICIAN

WHEN MR. KNOX WAS CHOSEN to succeed QUAY, there was much rejoicing because of the improvement in Pennsylvania representation, but there was naturally much jeering among the more impetuous busters of the trusts. What Mr. KNOX said, that as the President was the real mover against the illegal combinations, a change in his Attorney-General would make small difference, was true. Mr. ROOSEVELT's attitude toward illegal and immoral wealth is judged by the people to be sincere, as it is; and that belief of the people represents the greatest strength of the Republican position in this campaign, for it leaves the Democrats no station of vantage for attack. "The conscienceless stock speculator," says the President, "who acquires wealth by swindling his fellows, by debauching judges and corrupting legislatures, and who ends his days with the reputation of being among the richest men in America, exerts over the minds of the rising generation an influence worse than that of the average murderer or bandit, because his career is even more dazzling in its success." The people believe the President when he says that, and they like to see him, in the next paragraph, speak with equal severity of the "professional labor agitator, with all his reckless incendiaryism of speech," and of "the narrow, hard, selfish merchant or manufacturer who deliberately sets himself to keep the laborers he employs in a condition of dependence which will render them helpless to combine against him." Equally a foe to liberty is the man who, as Mr. ROOSEVELT declares, "to catch votes denounces the judiciary and the military because they put down mobs." In their candidate, therefore, we say, the Republicans enter this campaign extremely strong. The various declarations of their platform are of minor consequence.

REPUBLICAN VANTAGE GROUND

WHEN THEY MEET AT ST. LOUIS the Democratic delegates will have a momentous choice to make. They will hardly hope to win a victory this fall, although they may hope to reduce the Republican ascendancy at Washington. Just three men, we believe, might give to the Republicans something not unlike a scare. Of these three, Mr. FOLK would, we believe, do just what he has said he would do. He would refuse the nomination if it were made, to carry on the work cut out for him in Missouri. Mr. CLEVELAND is hardly likely to have the nomination forced upon him, so bitter is the radical opposition. The nomination of JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS is not likely, although it is possible; for, in spite of all the progress we have made since the Spanish war away from sectional animosity, distrust, and jealousy, there is a singularly

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strong prejudice remaining in the North against trusting the Presidency in Southern hands. Moreover, both parties are unduly influenced by the State in which a candidate resides. They figure like so many small mathematicians. They undervalue the general waves of sentiment that extend across the country, and make too much of what is subject to calculation. Putting aside these three, we do not see where the Democrats will find the man to frighten the Republicans. They may, with some man like PARKER, keep the party in respectable condition for the future. They might accomplish that, perhaps, with some darker horse like OLNEY, McCLELLAN, or GRAY. We can hardly believe they are demoralized enough to make any compromise in the ticket or the platform with the Popocrats. "Government paper" and "bimetallism" are two large branches of the structure of which Mr. BRYAN in his latest utterances is crying, "Woodman, spare that tree." He is still talking about "gold bugs." His threats against the integrity of the courts are sharp and clear. He is honest, as men go, and not a demagogue, like the present noisy tail of the Popocracy, but he has made certain lost issues a part of his personal career, and therefore the Democracy can not safely be influenced by him. The future of the party demands a victory at St. Louis, and not a compromise.

NO PEOPLE ARE MORE RELIGIOUS than the Russians; at least no people of the West, no people professing Christianity. The Greek Church has a powerful hold upon the peasants and even upon the other classes. Christianity is taken with little dogma, with intense simplicity, as the law of living. A great teacher with the messages of CHRIST would find nowhere in the world to-day a fitter or more devoted hearer than the Russian peasant. In Japan, on the other hand, no religion has great seriousness. Her leading citizens are willing to become Christians, since Christianity is the religion of the military and commercial powers among whom Japan is now busily establishing her right to be included. Shintoism and Buddhism are still somewhat diffused, but their influence is not enough to make Japan essentially a religious country. This difference is characteristic of the two peoples, one spiritual and almost mediaeval, the other adaptable and aggressively modern. The Japanese character contains no ingredient of mysticism, as the Russian does. It is, in its present development, worldly and practical to the last degree. Religious revolutions, it has often been remarked, always begin with the lowest classes. In other words, religion never becomes a real power in a country except when it appeals to the ordinary people. Christianity is making some progress in Japan among the educated. In Russia it is very strong among the ignorant. It probably, therefore, will never be any more than a form in Japan, and will long be a great force in Russia.

CHRISTIANITY IN TWO COUNTRIES

ALL OF US CAN LEARN our own private lessons from the flood of information about the Orient which is being poured in upon us since the war began. Or, if we can not exactly learn our lessons, we can get new lights with which to puzzle ourselves. Most Americans past youth have some digestive trouble to occupy a portion of their thoughts. Constantly food is a topic of absorbing interest. Big meals and little meals, few meals and many meals, are advised, and just now elaborate chewing of limited material is a gospel. On the topic of water, which has been prominent in this country, and on the topic of meat, the Japanese contributions are of interest. As the Japanese are now admitted to be among the healthiest and strongest people, we naturally become attentive to their habits. The common people eat little save steamed or boiled rice, and the richer HOMELY LESSONS FROM JAPAN is eaten and few stimulants used save weak tea. The average Japanese is said to drink a gallon of water daily. We can not take the habits of one climate without modification as suitable to another, but on some points the Japanese practice what our doctors preach. They put great stress, for instance, on the deep breathing of fresh air, and such breathing is a part of ordinary training. They give much attention to exercise. Of the diet part of their regimen it may be true that it strengthens them rather by avoiding errors than by its superiority to meat. It is simple and regular. Eating is not treated as an amusement. Cooking is not based upon the desire to divert the palate. Rules of hygiene seem to be actually acceptable to the Japanese, and this difference of spirit in carrying out the rules of health is, we imagine, greater than any difference of opinion among medical

LAST WORDS TO THE DEMOCRATS



men in the two countries about what is best. The Japanese have no symptoms of degeneracy. The way they go to work to make themselves physically effective is somewhat reminiscent of the ancient Spartans. Will they be able to eat and drink only to live, after they have been long in contact with the West, and have become a great manufacturing nation, with vast private fortunes? Luxury is a habit that is easily acquired.

WORK AS A GOSPEL has had a modern vogue, from **FRANKLIN** and **CARLYLE** to President **ELIOT** and Mr. **RUSSELL SAGE**. Where this gospel began, it were rash to say. According to **LAMB**, the person who invented work, and thus bound the spirit of rejoicing, was Sabbathless Satan. Satan not only fails to rest on Sunday, but he never takes a two weeks' vacation in the summer, and in this his example is followed by a distinguished American financier who has of late been lecturing the American people. If anybody is fitted to render work odious, the person so endowed is Mr. **SAGE**. His parsimony has become a byword. His utter deadness to everything but the routine of his desk is an awful parody of beneficent labor. He thinks it immoral for a clerk to take a vacation. That functionary should be so happy over the opportunity to work at all that he should rather offer to work for no pay than to accept pay during two weeks of idleness. Fortunately, the country is too civilized to need answers to such enormities. We may rejoice that the old business machine type is wellnigh extinct. **SAGE** and **ROCKEFELLER** are in spirit less typical of to-day than of a day that is past. In our own youth we knew men who deemed slavish labor moral or valuable in itself, like kindness, intelligence, or happiness. To-day we happen to know none so benighted. "Poverty," said old **BURTON**, "is an odious calling." Men work to get out of it. He who works for money beyond his needs and ideals is mentally enslaved. The lower the animal the more exclusively is it devoted to the labor of subsistence. Those who know the highest happiness in work are those who know the highest happiness in leisure and in play. No nature can be noble which is unable to enjoy those vacations which Uncle **RUSSELL** so heartily despises. We should publish, with delight, could we procure it, Mr. **SAGE**'s criticism of "The Song of the Shirt."

A T FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA, there is soon to be erected a monument to the great democrat of Norway, **BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSEN**. There are nearly three million Scandinavians in this country, and they have claimed the Northwest, of which Fargo is a centre. The northern part of Michigan, a very large part of Wisconsin, all of Minnesota, much of Iowa, and practically all of the Dakotas were settled by Scandinavians—Norwegians and Swedes. The Norwegians in this country look upon **BJÖRNSEN** as their ideal. In many a humble home in the Northwestern territory, where Ole and Katrina have set up a little hut in a forty-acre break on the side of some rough hill, the picture of **BJÖRNSEN** hangs on the wall opposite to the woodcut of either **WASHINGTON** or **LINCOLN**, and not infrequently **BJÖRNSEN**'s plays and the Bible are the only books on the bookshelf, and the contents of his books are not unknown to the inmates. This is but an echo of the enthusiasm felt across the water. When **BJÖRNSEN** reached his seventieth birthday, a year and a half ago, there was a national celebration, not in Norway alone, but all over Scandinavia. It has been said that his name means as much as the Norwegian flag. His statue, with one of **IBSEN**, stands before

A PROPER MONUMENT the National Theatre in Christiania, and it is rather singular that **BJÖRNSEN** and **IBSEN**, the two prophets of Norway and Sweden, are both dramatists. They are of very different schools and temperaments, however, **BJÖRNSEN** being as buoyant as **IBSEN** is grim. **BJÖRNSEN** is the greatest citizen of Norway to-day. He is a leader of the common people and their idol. He is a great preacher and a great teacher, and his principles are all democratic. He is developing Norway as no king has ever done before him, and he is developing it on the line of thought, rather than on the line of military strength and aggrandizement. What Democracy means abroad is partly indicated by the fact that until recently his play, "Beyond Human Power," was kept off the stage in autocratic European governments by the censor for fifteen years. It is significant and commendable that in the heart of our great Northwestern territory there should be erected a monument to this leader and apostle of the people while he is yet living. These Scandinavians of the Northwest make splendid citizens; thrifty, sober, industrious, and conscientious. Their native prophet, who can inspire them to live in our land, and with our ideals, is a man whom we may well honor.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, on July 4, 1804, the greatest of American novelists was born. His fame since his death has become ever wider and stronger, and now, in various places connected with his life, particularly in Salem and in Concord, we are holding celebrations of his genius. Concord, by having this date for her **HAWTHORNE** celebration, connects literary glory with the glory of the nation. Salem, by inviting Englishmen to participate, reminds us that **HAWTHORNE** is not only the highest reach of fiction in America, but one of the very first novelists who have written in the English language. Although the very soul of New England was in his writings, he needs no historic interest to assure his place. His art is sufficient—the perfectness of his style, the charm of his romance. "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of the Seven Gables" are the only two American novels which have been placed by the criticism of time on a level with the best **HAWTHORNE CENTENARY** work of **FIELDING**, **SCOTT**, and **THACKERAY**. Indeed, to speak only of the dead, America has produced no novelist at all, of permanently high reputation, outside of **HAWTHORNE** and **COOPER**. **COOPER** will always live, for the stories that he told, but as an artist he means little. **POE**, and after him **BRET HARTE**, are safe among the masters of the short story. **HOLMES** wrote one famous novel, which is quite overshadowed by his other work. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will always be more important as a document of history than as a piece of literature. It is rather striking that in a century so notable for the expansion of the novel, but one really great novelist should have been born upon our side of the ocean, and it is striking also that the one unmistakably great novelist should have been so profoundly romantic in a century of realism.

JULY FOURTH STILL LEADS US to thoughts of Independence, its meaning and its worth. Fourth of July oratory is slightly on the wane, although men with resounding voices even now please crowds by gas-blown phrases. The firecracker is with us, as of yore. An occasional war is declared upon it, but it may last as long as the mosquito. As the Fourth approaches we have set our own docile intelligence tramping once more around the figure of Divinest Liberty. We can not do an ode, or any style of appreciation beginning with Hail to Thee. Yet we reflect upon Freedom with emotion. We are not always certain what it means. Historically, for us, it meant the right to have our taxes assessed by Irishmen who had come to this country to live. To our friends the Socialists it means the right to oppress individuals into gray uniformity. To some villagers it means the right to prevent Germans from drinking beer on Sundays. To a boy it may mean the right to stay away from school, or to a man the privilege of doing that to which he is directed by his wife. Seriously, the question which the day is most likely to stir in thoughtful minds relates to popular government and its success. Popular government need not mean the same as freedom. An American, arguing with an English philosopher about the unlimited right of the majority to rule, said that if the majority were to pass a law directing what food he should eat, he **THE DAY WE CELEBRATE** would obey. He thought he was upholding free institutions. The philosopher had rather the best of it, when, in his heavy philosophic way, he supposed that his American friend would admit that had he been a negro, and had a planter who bought him and set him to work happened to have his plantation confiscated by the Government, and had the Government, carrying on the planter's business, made him, the negro, work under the lash as before, his slavery would be but slightly mitigated by the thought that instead of being coerced by an individual he was now coerced by the nation. If he is forced to wear clothes of a color preferred not by him, but by the majority, the individual is not free. Some think that liberty in this land of the free is not served by the ownership of Senators by corporations, or by the illegal rebates obtained by great corporations, or by the omnipresent boss. However, in this editorial we are not going to talk politics, and we think that, on the whole, our people are as happy and as free in their pursuit of happiness as any people have ever been. Therefore we willingly ignite the deafening cannon cracker and snap the murderous toy pistol. Here's to Liberty. Our own private muse falters, and we turn to Cowper to observe, that, taking liberty in its deepest and most spiritual sense,

"Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it."



ROOSEVELT AND FAIRBANKS

THE Thirteenth National Convention of the Republican Party, which met in Chicago on June 21 and adjourned on June 23, was one of the most remarkable political gatherings in our history. Its whole task was predetermined, and its dominant note was quiet confidence of victory and utmost trust in its national leadership. Never before has there been such party unanimity on the issues and the man. Yet it was a quiet assembly. Republican National Conventions are indeed getting to be tame affairs; since 1888 there has not been one whose choice for President, the most important object of these gatherings, was not known weeks and months before the event. The result has been dignified, quiet Conventions. Unanimity deadens enthusiasm. Only a clear victory won right on the scene itself can bring out the utter riot of cheers. Such a victory means a fight, and there is more heroic yelling power in a gathering where just a little less than half of its membership sit heartsore and crushed under defeat than there is when all are of one resolute mind and purpose.

Theodore Roosevelt has been the choice of party and people for months and months. The moment he tore the coal question from the clutches of the miserable squabblers on both sides, and commanded them to "Mine coal" and relieve the suffering nation and settle their row by judicial proceedings, he cemented to himself the affection and loyalty of the vast mass of the nation. So the delegates came to Chicago instructed not only by the caucuses but by the people. Many of these delegates cared little for Roosevelt. They were machine politicians who, no matter who was the nominee, were pretty certain to represent the party there. Some of them hated him for the very reasons that made him popular. Yet back of them stood the people, who more and more are becoming the absolute dictators. Not even the poor boon of the Vice-Presidential nomination was vouchsafed to speculation. And the platform followed the lines of greatest expectation. The whole affair was a sort of apotheosis of foregone conclusion. It is far better so. Far better that the wishes and will of the people should be so clearly expressed that nothing important is left to the trickery and sophistry of a huge Convention. The event thus loses much in pyrotechnics, surprises and delirium, but it gains vastly in dignity, honesty and truth.

The Coliseum, in which the Convention was held, is an ideal place, just as Chicago is an ideal city. There is no "Wigwam" or temporary nuisance and agony in it—it is composed of stone and brick and iron and steel, and will be there for ages. It was simply and beautifully decorated, and the scene was truly inspiring. In the opening scenes there were cheers and shouts for well-known leaders, especially this time for Senator Fairbanks, upon whose willing but coy brow the laurel of the Vice-Presidential nomination was to be laid. Henry C. Payne of Wisconsin, Acting Chairman of the National Committee and last of the old guard of politicians in control of the campaign, called the Convention to order and introduced Elihu Root, former Secretary of War, as temporary Chairman. Mr. Root's address was strong and telling, but it was hardly up to the standard he has set in recent remarkable and great speeches, and on that account was disappointing. And, like almost every other speaker, Mr. Root could not be heard excepting in the front rows. There is nothing more pitiable about a great Convention than the sight of the spectators not auditors who sit far back in galleries, leaning forward anxiously for a time to

catch a word here and there and at length settling back in their seats in despair, watching out of listless eyes or with contempt the dumb show on the platform. I am in favor of having the Honorable John M. Thurston of Nebraska make all the speeches at all the National Conventions. His speeches at St. Louis in 1896 and at Philadelphia in 1900 will never be forgotten, because of the great deep tones which with perfect enunciation were borne to every part of the vast buildings. Thousands will ever bless his voice.

The second day's proceedings were more interesting. The hall was again filled to hear Uncle Joe Cannon of Illinois. He was chosen permanent Chairman because of his popularity and ability with the gavel. Thousands of Chicago people heard him then for the first time. His speech was a commonplace partisan harangue suited to a not high level of intelligence, but brightened here and there with flashes of that wit and homely language

rapid-fire utterance, zeal, and intelligence gave him instant recognition. Senator Hopkins of Illinois and General Bingham defended the Rules Committee in plausible addresses, taking the ground that Hawaii's population did not entitle it to more delegates than the dependencies like Porto Rico and the Philippines.

Other brief speeches followed, and the Rules Committee was sustained by the remarkably close vote of 497 to 490. Thus the first roll-call and ripple of the staid Convention and the first great outburst of applause was caused by our tiny island Territory in the great Occidental sea.

The real basis for that decision undoubtedly was a fixed determination on the part of the great leaders to continue the mainland as the seat of political power. In the ordinary old style convention a discussion of a Territory's representation would have been a trivial incident. Here it was not only a refreshing diversion, but an important matter revealing a fixed principle. After the reading of the report of the Resolutions Committee by Senator Lodge of Massachusetts and the adoption of the platform came a most dramatic incident. The despatch sent by Secretary Hay to our Consul at Tangier: "We want either Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead," was read in a magnificent manner by a clerk, and the whole audience leaped to its feet with a wild yell followed by prolonged shouting. It was the voice of militant, strenuous Americanism which dares defend and even fight for American rights anywhere. And it showed the red blood of John Hay as well as of Theodore Roosevelt.

The last day was devoted wholly to nomination oratory. It was a severe test for orators, since the day was hot and the list of speakers was unconscionably long. The nominating address for President by ex-Governor Black of New York was epigrammatic and ornate. That of Senator Beveridge, who made the first seconding speech, was excellent, although a trifle over-rhetorical for the occasion. Indeed, the soporific dominated in the addresses, and the big audience wearied of it. The best speaker of the day was George A. Knight of California. He had terse, meaty, sense-bearing phrases, and his magnificent voice reached every man in the great hall. His first words, "Gentlemen of the Convention," brought ringing cheers from the straining audience. His next sentence was interrupted by a voice from a remote gallery, "Not so loud," and everybody, including Mr. Knight, roared with might. Mr. Knight should stand hereafter with Mr. Thurston in voice attainment. And his speech as a whole was a really great effort—by far the finest of the entire Convention.

The scene when ex-Governor Black finished was the usual thrilling one of all National Conventions. It revealed that there was genuine enthusiasm there, although it did not approach in dramatic effect the scene at the Philadelphia Convention four years ago, when Senator Hanna rushed to the front of the platform with huge flags in his arms and called for men and more cheers for the nominee. But those cheers were for two men, McKinley and Hanna, whose united like we may never see again. But, to repeat, mere enthusiasm does not indicate strength. The Bryan frenzy of 1896 is an example, and I remember the Populist Convention at Omaha in 1892, when the delegates cheered for thirty minutes. Not for a nomination—for a platform.

To return to the Convention. The nomination of Senator Fairbanks for Vice-President by acclamation could not bring out the cheers it deserved. Mr. Fair-



Senator Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana,
Republican Nominee for Vice-President

which have made him the centre of the country's amused and applauding attention for the past eighteen months. His old-fashioned gestures, the ludicrous way he teeters across the platform, carry out well the impression of his language and make a hit on any platform.

The report of the Committee on Credentials came next, seating the Stalwart or anti-La Follette delegates from Wisconsin. Then came the report of the Committee on Rules, which developed the first unscheduled event of the meet. General H. H. Bingham, Representative from Pennsylvania, read that report which gave Hawaii but two votes in the Convention instead of six, which were included in the call of the National Committee. Senator Foraker of Ohio offered an amendment giving that Territory six votes like the other Territories. Governor Carter of Hawaii made a thrilling and impassioned plea for recognition of his people. This was his first appearance on a national stage, and his



Senator Foraker introducing a friend to Gov. Herrick of Ohio

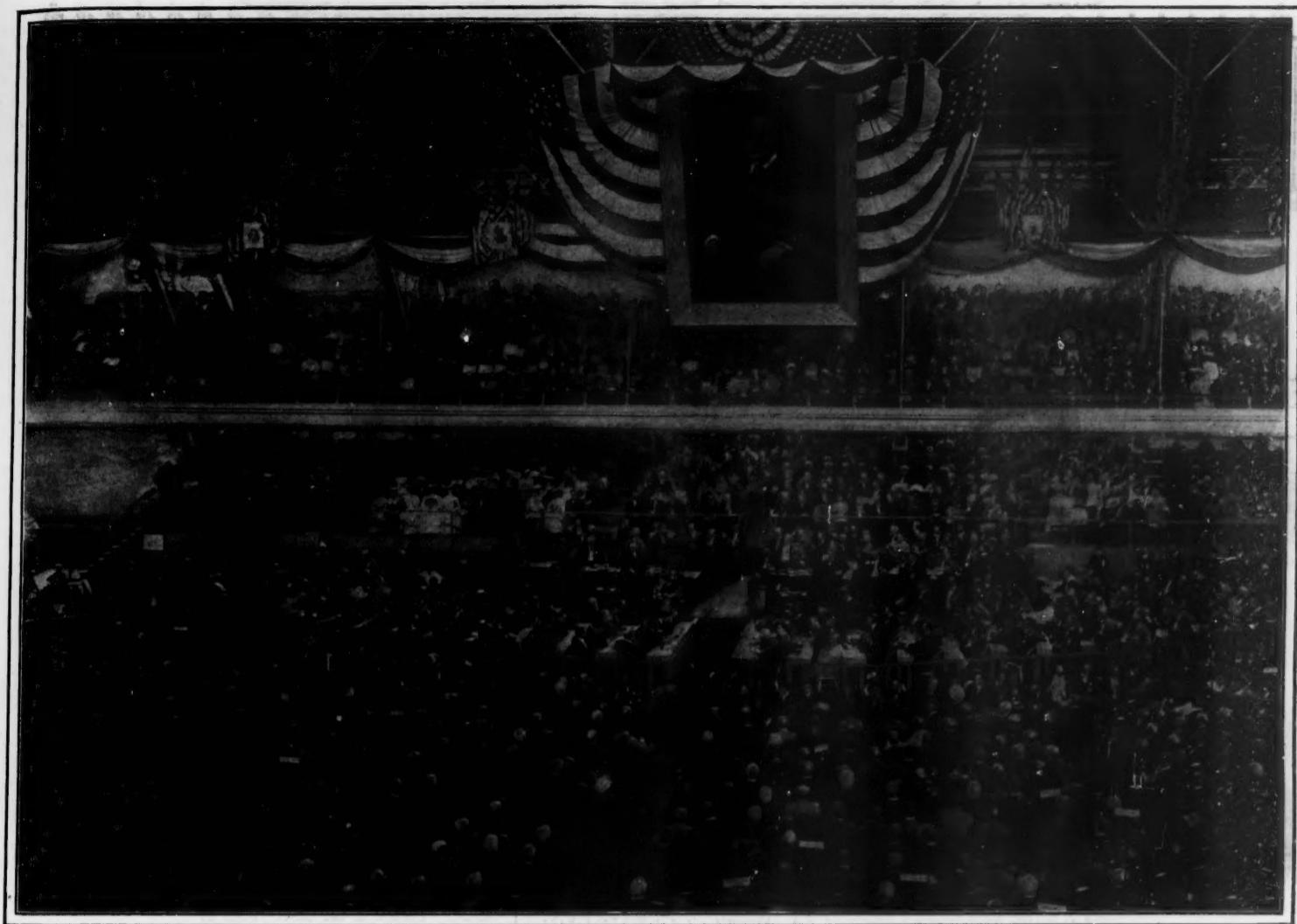


Senator Cullom of Illinois, Chauncey M.
Depew of New York, and Speaker Cannon



Cornelius N. Bliss of New York
and Senator Spooner of Wisconsin

EMINENT REPUBLICANS GATHERED AT THE CHICAGO CONVENTION



OPENING OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION IN THE COLISEUM, CHICAGO, JUNE 21

banks is a high-grade man and far above the average of Vice-Presidential nominees, but the effects of bromide rather than those of champagne naturally accompanied the nomination of such a conservative, sedate man. The speeches by Senators Dolliver, Depew, and Foraker were excellent and thoroughly appreciated by the tired crowd, and so the work was done.

Not in the Coliseum, however, were the unsettled problems of the Convention worked out. The important contests occurred elsewhere. They were three in number; the tariff fight in the Committee on Resolutions, the contest over the Wisconsin delegation before the National Committee, and the selection of George B. Cortelyou for chairman of that committee.

A year or two ago the tariff revision idea seemed likely to sweep the party; and it was freely predicted that this Convention would "About-face" on the tariff. But the intensity of the party's protection sentiment became evident as the time for the Convention drew nigh. This high-tariff momentum is too powerful to be withstood, and those delegates who tried to secure any definite step toward revision must feel that their labors were in vain. The "squint toward revision" is so faint that it is imperceptible.

The warfare against Cortelyou had many elements of superficial wisdom, for managing a political campaign is not a novice's task. But Mr. Cortelyou is not a novice in governmental affairs or with politicians, and his quiet reserve force must make him an effective leader. Besides, as President Mellen, of the Consolidated Railroad, said, "The President has more at issue in this campaign than any one else, and the decision of a campaign manager must be left to the man most deeply concerned."

The Wisconsin contest was really the most conspicuous and sensational feature of the Convention, and the report of the Credentials Committee showed that Wisconsin is not the only State where the party is openly split. Indeed, the prevalence of State contests is one of the striking facts of the political situation, and one of the few features menacing Republican success.

This is in marked contrast to the situation four years ago, when Senator Lodge, in his speech as Chairman of the Philadelphia Convention, declared that since the organization of the party such harmony in the various States had not existed. Now the party is quarreling from California to New York. Evidently the President's leadership has not been able to compass the abolition of factionalism. This is indeed a serious situation and will require all of Mr. Cortelyou's power to right it. That so stanch and rock-ribbed a State as Wisconsin should be involved in disputes of so bitter a sort as to estrange families and put the electoral vote in jeopardy is amazing. The National Committee threw out with scant courtesy the delegation headed by Governor La Follette and admitted the Spooner faction, and the Credentials Committee with even scant ceremony took the same action. It is impossible to know which side is right, and it is a proof of some one's bad blundering that a choice had to be made at all. Salisbury said of the Congress of Berlin, many years afterward, "England laid her money

on the wrong horse," and if the Republicans made such a blunder its consequences may be vital. Governor La Follette is one of the most brilliant and sincere leaders and able politicians in the party and Senator Spooner is one of our foremost statesmen. Their quarrel is a calamity to the party, but a source of excitement and sensationalism to the whole country. Indeed, at Chicago it was the "scare head" feature in all the dailies, and at every street corner newsboys bawled out each new chapter in the fray. On Wisconsin this year will be focused the eye political of the nation.

The platform adopted is unusually strong and clear, evincing the superior workmanship and clever phraseology of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, one of the sturdiest fighters and keenest students of affairs in this country. His close relations to the President make it presumable that this platform fully represents the President's views.

Senator Foraker made one rather remarkable statement—viz., that the Republican party had never constructed a platform that it would change to-day. This is rather extravagant and is not even complimentary, for

certainly a successful party must change with the times; but undoubtedly there has been a wonderful consistency between the various Republican platforms. This one has, however, a new plank which may bulk large into national prominence some day. It pledges the party for the first time to investigate the alleged discriminations against the Southern negro in his elective franchise, and, if the reports are found true, to reduce the representation of these Southern States in the Electoral College. This means that the Republican party has given up trying to carry Southern States, will reject the protests of the white Republicans of these States who wish the question let alone, and will cut down the Democratic electoral vote to the extent of the discrimination, "as directed by the Constitution of the United States." This marks an epoch in political history.

Only one plank in the platform is vague and evasive—that relating to trusts. The fact is, not only is the Republican party a mite cautious about offending the trusts, but its leaders wisely recognize that nobody is clear as to just what should be done with them. All men are equally in the dark, and the party has determined to say nothing positive in as graceful a manner as possible. The trust problem certainly has the thoughtful people of to-day guessing. And so the campaign is opened, the Convention is over, and spellbinding will soon begin. What a fascination politics has for the true American! He lives it and breathes it from the day of his birth. Roscoe Conkling used to say, "The public is more interested in baseball and politics than in the second coming of the Messiah."

From what various classes these delegates and visitors were drawn! I looked over that Convention and saw, packed and perspiring in their seats, waving their hats and flags and dancing with excitement and delirium, grave millionaires who at home or in their daily lives would not so excite themselves in a year or suffer their dignity to be disturbed so ruthlessly. No possible interest that they can have in these Conventions can be worth this bear-dancing. Even the Populists will admit that the trust magnates need not come on to the Convention and suffer so in order to secure the enforcement of their demands. Men from California, Massachusetts, and other remote regions went to Chicago, paying out money they could not really afford, all for the love and zest of the political game. When they arrive at home they call themselves fools, just as the golfer does in mid-January when he thinks of his wasted summer; but when the autumn comes and the campaign cry resounds from every stump they will go, after some mild protests, to hear the gospel expounded; they will talk it unceasingly at their firesides, and they will at length take their humble or high part in exercising their political rights. And on that November night they will gather in clubs in the cities, or in the railroad stations in the country, to listen to the magical click of the wire, that they may know and carry home in the early hours of the morning to their waiting households the glorious news that the country is saved again.

FRANK B. TRACY.



Congressman Sereno E. Payne of New York



THE COMING DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

By FRED A. EMERY



Grover Cleveland
Of New Jersey

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Alton B. Parker
Of New York

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Joseph W. Folk
Of Missouri

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Richard Olney
Of Massachusetts

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Francis M. Cockrell
Of Missouri

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THE race for the Presidential nomination at the National Democratic Convention at St. Louis will be a matching of the steel of the party. It will be a fight between the favorite and the field, and there will be a vast deal of "jockeying" for first honors. No candidate for the party honors has acquired in advance even an approximate assurance of the full need of voting strength required to carry him to victory. St. Louis will be an arena of slate combinations and a scene of the signature of peace concordats between powerful and minor wings. While two names stand out in relief in all the ante-convention calculations—the one seriously and fixedly, the other more in the light of a powerful factor in effecting combinations of voting strength—the political prophets, the wise men of the Democratic fold who separate the wheat from the chaff and who know the inside workings of the various groups of interests throughout the land, are figuring on the possibility of some outside aspirant forging to the front and carrying off the pennant at the last moment. This is the ever-present spectre that stalks the haunts of the President-makers. Strangely enough, the question of Vice-President has not figured at all, and no name has so far been seriously brought out. The political factotums have been too busy tinkering with Presidential timber, and the tail end of the ticket will hinge on the geographical location of the Presidential nominee's habitat. If an Eastern man is chosen for the higher nomination, a Westerner is apt to land in the lower place. What is needed at this end of the ticket is the "bar'l," the political vernacular for a man of good party standing who is well off in the world's goods and willing to contribute liberally to defray the campaign expenses. For this reason, Marshall Field of Chicago has been mentioned in this connection. It is felt that this office should go to a debatable State like Illinois or Indiana, both of which States have a plenitude of possibilities in Vice-Presidential timber.

What the net results of the gathering will be has been "anybody's guess." No one has assumed to positively forecast its action. The Republican nominee and the Republican platform had been safely discounted far in advance of the assemblage of the Republican clans. There was then but one nominee contemplated, and there was no division of view as to the statement of party tenets. The Democratic conditions have been in sharp contrast. No man without supernatural endowments of nature could foretell, with any degree of positiveness, the nature of the final conclusions of the St. Louis convention. The fight in New York State between the Tammany organization and the up-State politicians back of the Justice to whom the State is pledged; the threatened anti-Parker combination that loomed on the horizon, in the East; the dominance of that powerful Democratic boss, Senator Gorman of Maryland, over a material quarter-section of coveted territory; the dalliance of the Pennsylvania power with sub-surface interests; the internecine strife in Illinois with the overthrow of the cohorts of Mayor Carter H. Harrison of Chicago, and the attitude of the former Presidential nominee, William J. Bryan of Nebraska, who has held his forces in leash while flirting with the Hearst followers; these and other important conditions bade fair to smash any slates made in advance.

The convention will meet July 6, a date chosen in order to follow a time-honored custom of waiting until the party in power has met, made its choice, folded its tents, and, like the proverbial Arab, has stolen away. The interval affords time for study of the fruits of the opposite party's work, and gives an opportunity to the Democrats to meet the issue, to assail the Republican position, and to form the alignment for the fray in November.

There will be 996 delegates occupying seats in the great Coliseum building. This is based on the apportionment of double the representation in Congress, except as to the Territories, which are accorded six votes each and Porto Rico two votes. At the Republican convention a vote of the majority of the delegates wins the day. It is different with the Democratic party, for under their form of popular organization the vote of two-thirds of the delegates is necessary for the choice. This is the great handicap that confronts the Democratic candidate, and but for which

Judge Parker of New York in all probability could carry his banner to victory. It makes 604 the vote necessary for nomination. In other words, any combination that could muster 333 votes could defeat the candidate for the nomination.

Of the total votes "instructed" by State conventions (together with the primary instructions in Florida)—numbering 448 in all—up to within a little over two weeks before the convention, 216 votes were for Parker and 174 for Hearst. These instructed votes follow:

Parker—New York 78, Georgia 26, Indiana 30, Tennessee 24, Connecticut 14, Alaska 6, Arkansas 18, Mississippi 20.

Hearst—Illinois 54, Iowa 26, California 20, Arizona 6, Nevada 6, New Mexico 6, Oregon 8, Rhode Island 8, South Dakota 8, Washington 10, Wyoming 6, Hawaii 6, Idaho 6, Florida 4.

The other instructions were: Olney, Massachusetts 32; Wall, Wisconsin 26. Total instructed vote, 448. Total uninstructed vote, 548.

To-day the surface indications primarily point to Alton B. Parker, with William Randolph Hearst as the open

contender, and Gorman and Cleveland and Harmon and Olney and McClellan holding themselves in reserve and keeping a weather eye out on the main chance. The two first named are the men who have led in the race, who have announced their candidacy from the housetops, and whose adherents have been working prodigiously to have the State conventions instruct for their respective candidate when the roll is called for the selection of Presidential nominee. Both are from New York, and each is uncompromisingly opposed to the other. Parker is the Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals of the Empire State, a dignified jurist who loves the repose of his country seat near Kingston; Hearst is enjoying his first term as a Representative in Congress, the proprietor of a string of daily newspapers on both sides, as well as midway, of the continent, the espouser of the cause of the masses, and the son of a late millionaire United States Senator whose name is a household word on the Pacific Coast.

As between these two candidates Parker is the logical choice. His nomination has met with more general favor than any other name suggested. His nomination has been expected by President Roosevelt and the nabobs of the Republican party, already out with its opposition ticket for the coming elections. Hearst stretched his battle lines energetically, and the results have astounded even the shrewdest observers of the outset of his campaign. Hearst's wielding of the cudgels for the laboring element, his fight on the trusts, and his strenuous and oftentimes theatrical championship of "the people" caught the fancy of the industrial communities, and his advocacy of statehood measures brought him the vote of several of the Territories. His alliance with other factions, where neither could have availed alone, will show results on the roll-call, as notably in the case of Illinois.

Left to a majority vote, Parker's nomination would have been a certainty long before the assembling of the cohorts at St. Louis, for the vote he would draw from the great number of uncommitted delegates, and from those who have individually expressed preference for him, doubtless could aggregate the requisite number to fill the gap. The great majority have refused to take the suggestion of Hearst's nomination seriously, though realizing the formidable dimensions of his strength. These people have significantly pointed to him as a powerful factor to be reckoned with in combinations with several such wings of the party as flock about the banners of Bryan, Gorman, et al., and the so-called anti-Parker combine in the East, with Parker's defeat as a common cause. Parker will dominate the Southern vote in the convention. Crowned as he is with lion's share of the laurels in vital sections of the East and the West and the South, he to-day stands silhouetted against a background in which the other candidates are obscured.

But the real fight is yet to come. A Presidential nominee oftentimes is made in the passing of the night, and the situation may be changed by roll-call. Two candidates may block each other so effectively as to bar all hope for both. Then comes the transfer of whole blocks of votes,



Charles A. Towne
Of New York



William R. Hearst
Of New York



John Sharp Williams
Of Mississippi



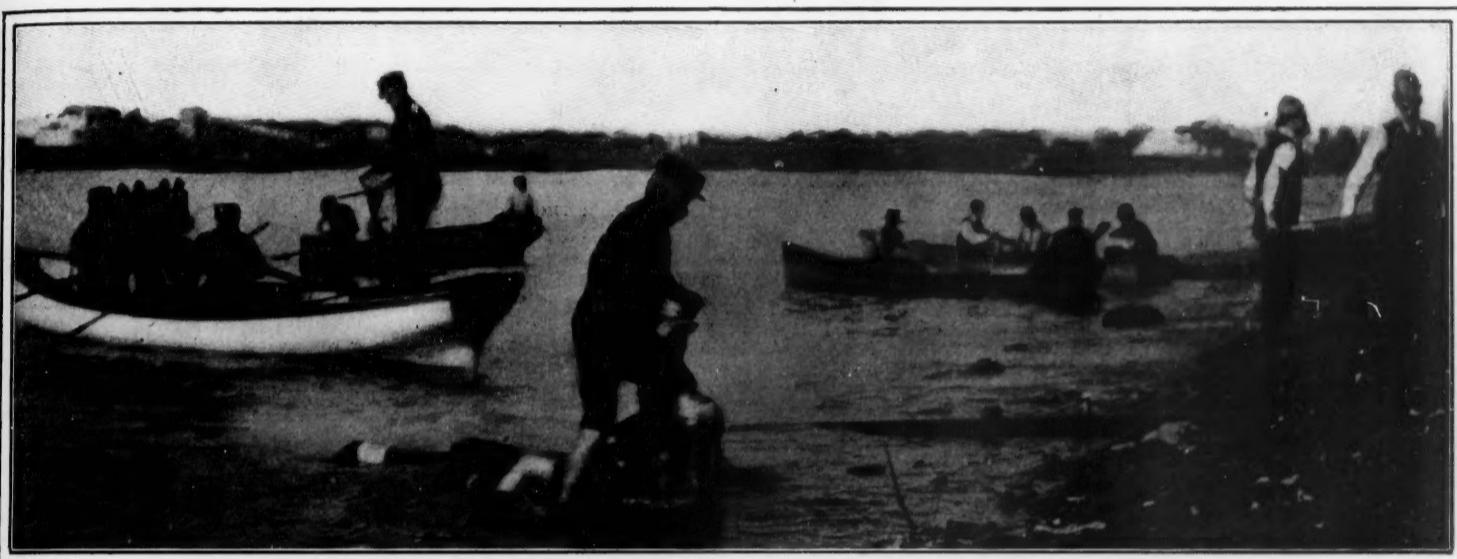
Arthur P. Gorman
Of Maryland



George Gray
Of Delaware



WRECK OF THE "GENERAL SLOCUM" IN THE SHALLOW WATER NEAR HUNT'S POINT



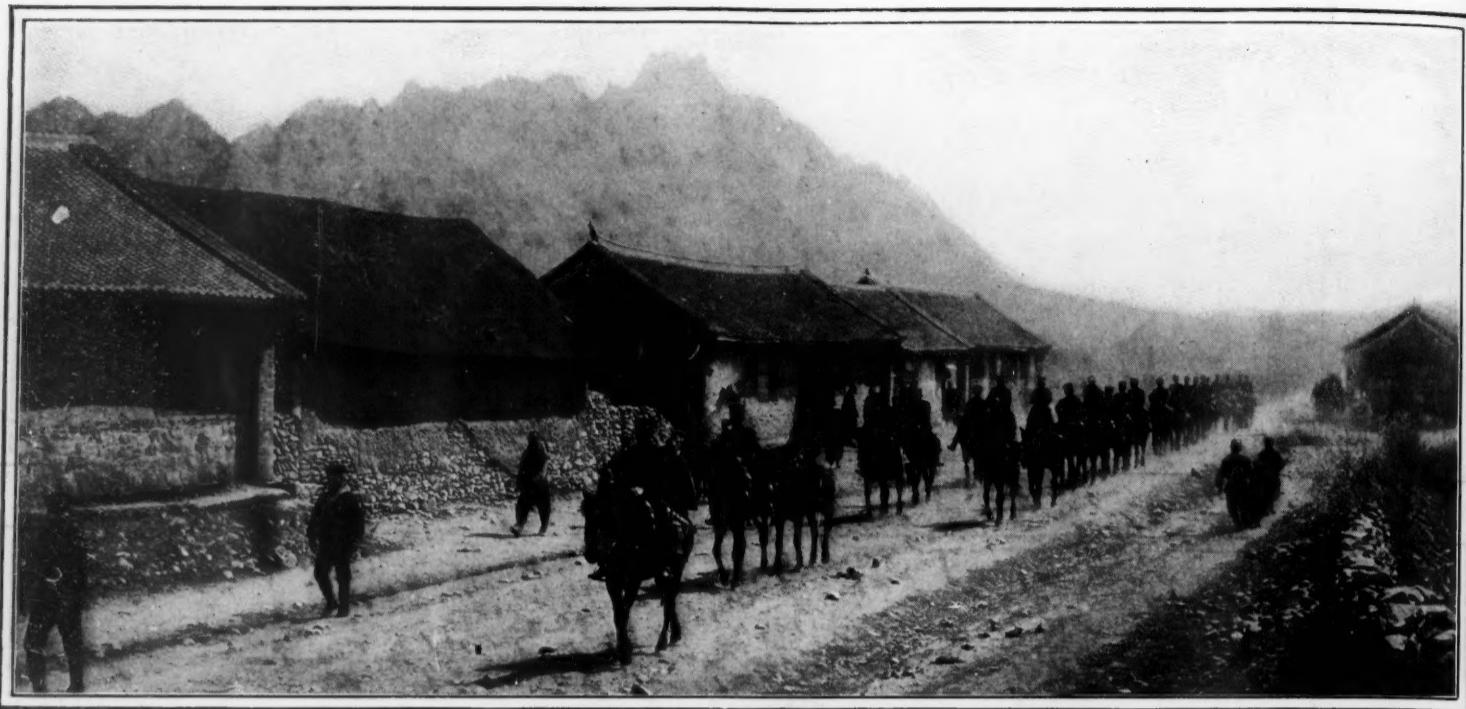
HARBOR POLICE DRAGGING THE RIVER FOR BODIES ON THE DAY AFTER THE CATASTROPHE



IDENTIFYING THE DEAD AT THE IMPROVISED MORGUE ON THE CHARITIES AND CORRECTIONS PIER

THE "GENERAL SLOCUM" DISASTER

The ill-fated steamboat left her dock in the East River the morning of June 15, crowded with the members—mostly women and children—of a German Lutheran Sunday-school. Fire broke out while she was in midstream, and in less than an hour from the time she sailed nearly 900 of her passengers had been burned to death or drowned.



GENERAL KUROKI AND HIS STAFF ENTERING ANTUNG AFTER THE CROSSING OF THE YALU

The mountain rising back of the town is the one so frequently mentioned in the descriptions of the Yalu battle as the "conical hill." It was here that the Russians had stationed their strongest batteries, but the accuracy and fury of the Japanese fire completely silenced the guns placed here.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. MARSH, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER ATTACHED TO GENERAL KUROKI'S ARMY OF INVASION. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

and the forcing to the front of some Democrat who has not figured in the limelight of public interest to the same degree as the foremost contenders, and who by qualities more negative than positive is acceptable to the powerful factions. There is room for diplomacy of the highest order in every phase of convention work, and nowhere in the whole gamut of politics is there greater need for wary tactics and shrewd maneuvering than in the corraling of the uninstructed and uncommitted delegates, and the overtures to win over the minor groups who go to the convention as supporters of some unlikely and unfearred candidate.

The fruit of these machinations will be disclosed during the roll-call for Presidential nominee, that all-important convention ceremonial strewn with riotous applause and teeming with tumultuous interest all the way down the long lane of States from Alabama on. Available racers have been quietly groomed to spring on the floor of the convention if a propitious opportunity occurs. Meantime, watch the alert, sagacious Arthur Pue Gorman of Maryland, now aged sixty-five, old in political wisdom, but still young in action, the shrewd manager who began life as a page, cut a wide swath in the Maryland Legislature, and served four terms as United States Senator. Gorman would not permit his name to go before the convention unless assured of sufficient votes to control the situation. He holds Maryland's vote in the palm of his hand; West Virginia, headed by his lifelong friend, former Senator Davis, may be swung by him; he is powerful among the Kentucky delegates; the District of Columbia probably awaits his beck, and he has scattered followings in Virginia and elsewhere. But Gorman has his powerful drawbacks, the entanglements of a machine boss, and even with the combined support of the Bryan-Hearst forces he is too wary a politician to jump into the arena without making a minute survey of the rest of the field. There's Grover Cleveland, the sphinx of the faith. The former President has met the suggestion of his name by dallying with platitudes. He is held up by a no inconsiderable portion of the Democracy of the land as the particular red semaphore on the track of political success, the inspirer of bitter enmities in his own party, yet he is solid in more ways than one, and capable of being a commanding figure in the deliberations of his party, backed by the great financial interests ever ready to dictate a nomination. There's Judge George Gray, formerly United States Senator from Delaware, a power on the commission that adjusted the great anthracite coal strike, a conscientious type that shied from the Bryan element in a stand for the courage of his convictions, unsusceptible to a degree to the corrupt phases of politics, a corporation lawyer, yet the earnest defender of the working-men. Massachusetts has declared for former Secretary Olney, the firm-bitten enunciator of good Democratic doctrine while premier as well as Attorney-General of a Cleveland Administration, and former Attorney-General Harmon, also in Cleveland's Cabinet, is mentioned in the Buckeye State. Out in Wisconsin the State's national committeeman, E. C. Wall, has the complimentary instructions for the Badger State's twenty-six votes; while Cockrell of Missouri, the former Senator,

has similar honors shorn of any outside glory. The nomination of George B. McClellan, who served his apprenticeship at a newspaper desk, broke into Congress, and is now occupying the Mayoralty chair of Greater New York, would confront the party with an issue as to his eligibility to Presidential office, owing to the accident of his birth at Dresden, Saxony, thirty-eight years ago, while his parents were visiting there in the course of a tour of Europe. James R. Williams of Carmi, Illinois, Representative in Congress virtually since the Fifty-first session, lost the instructions of his own State by an adverse vote of the Illinois convention.

The fight between Parker and Hearst at the convention reflects the contest for supremacy of control of the Empire State Democracy between former United States Senator David B. Hill, "the Sage of Wolfert's Roost," and his political lieutenants representing the up-State

Harrison for control of the Democratic machine of the State. The Harrison men will contest their rights to seats as delegates.

On the roll-call Alabama will be the first to respond. Her vote, mustering 22, will start the ball rolling for Parker. This may be the signal for a stampede for Parker. It may be otherwise. The call proceeds down the line of States and Territories. Alaska will vote for Parker, and Arizona for Hearst, each with 6 votes. California's 20 votes will go to Hearst. Colorado is in the uncommitted class, with some of its 10 votes probably Parker's. Connecticut's 14 votes go to Parker; Delaware's 6 to Gray, who protests he advised against instructions and is not a candidate. The District of Columbia's 6 votes are uncommitted, but are susceptible to Gorman influences. Florida may give 4 of her votes to Hearst, and perhaps the balance of 6 more to Parker. Georgia's 26 votes will be cast solidly for Parker. Hawaii and Idaho will follow with 6 each for Hearst. Then come Illinois' big 54 massed solidly for Hearst, against which Indiana will give 30 votes to Parker. Iowa's 26 are pledged to the New York Representative. Kentucky is still in doubt as to its 20 votes, but Gorman's sphere of influence extends to the Blue Grass borders. Kansas' vote of 20 is anybody's guess. Louisiana, with 18 votes in its lap, flirts with Parker. Maine's 12 votes are uncertain. Maryland, with 16 votes, will swing with Gorman. Massachusetts' 32 are pledged to Olney. Michigan's 28 are uninstructed, with inclinations toward Parker. Missouri will cast a complimentary vote of 36 votes for its "grand old man," Cockrell. Minnesota, with its 22, is in the uncertain class; and Mississippi, where John Sharp Williams' influence is all-powerful, will cast its 20 votes for Parker. Montana, with 6 votes, is uncommitted. Nebraska's 16 votes will go wherever Bryan dictates. Nevada's 6 and 4 of New Hampshire's will go to Parker. New York's 78 will bring wild shouting as the vote is cast for Parker, and North Carolina is likely to follow with 24 more. New Jersey's 24, Ohio's 46, North Dakota's 8, and Pennsylvania's 68 are uncertain. The last named is dominated by Colonel James M. Gaffey, the National Committeeman, who is credited with being identified with the anti-Parker machine, but who has guarded his real intentions. As Gaffey votes, so do the other delegates. Oregon will give 8 to Hearst, as will Rhode Island and South Dakota. South Carolina, Tennessee, and Texas, with 18, 24, and 36 respectively, will swell the Parker column. Utah is apt to divide honors between Parker and Hearst, giving the former the best of the spoils. Its vote is 6. Vermont's 8 are uncertain. Virginia's 24 bid fair to land in Parker's column, and West Virginia in Gorman's with 14 votes. Wisconsin's 26 go to Wall, while Washington's 10 and Wyoming's 6, with the 6 each of the Territories of Hawaii, Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma, will go to Hearst, and the 6 each of Alaska and Indian Territory to Parker. Porto Rico, whose 2 delegates are expected to be seated, has expressed no preference.

The second ballot doubtless will bring sweeping changes. Meantime, the Democrats hope for harmony, wise action, and subordination of personal sentiment to plans for success of the party at the polls.

PATRIA

By HENRY VAN DYKE

I WOULD not even ask my heart to say
If I could love another land as well
As thee, my country, had I felt the spell
Of Italy at birth, or learned to obey
The charm of France, or England's mighty sway;
I would not be so much an infidel
As once to dream, or fashion words to tell,
What land could hold my love from thee away.

For like a law of nature in my blood
I feel thy sweet and secret sovereignty,
And like a birthmark on my soul thy sign.
My life is but a wave, and thou the flood;
I am a leaf, and thou the mother-tree;
Nor should I be at all, were I not thine.

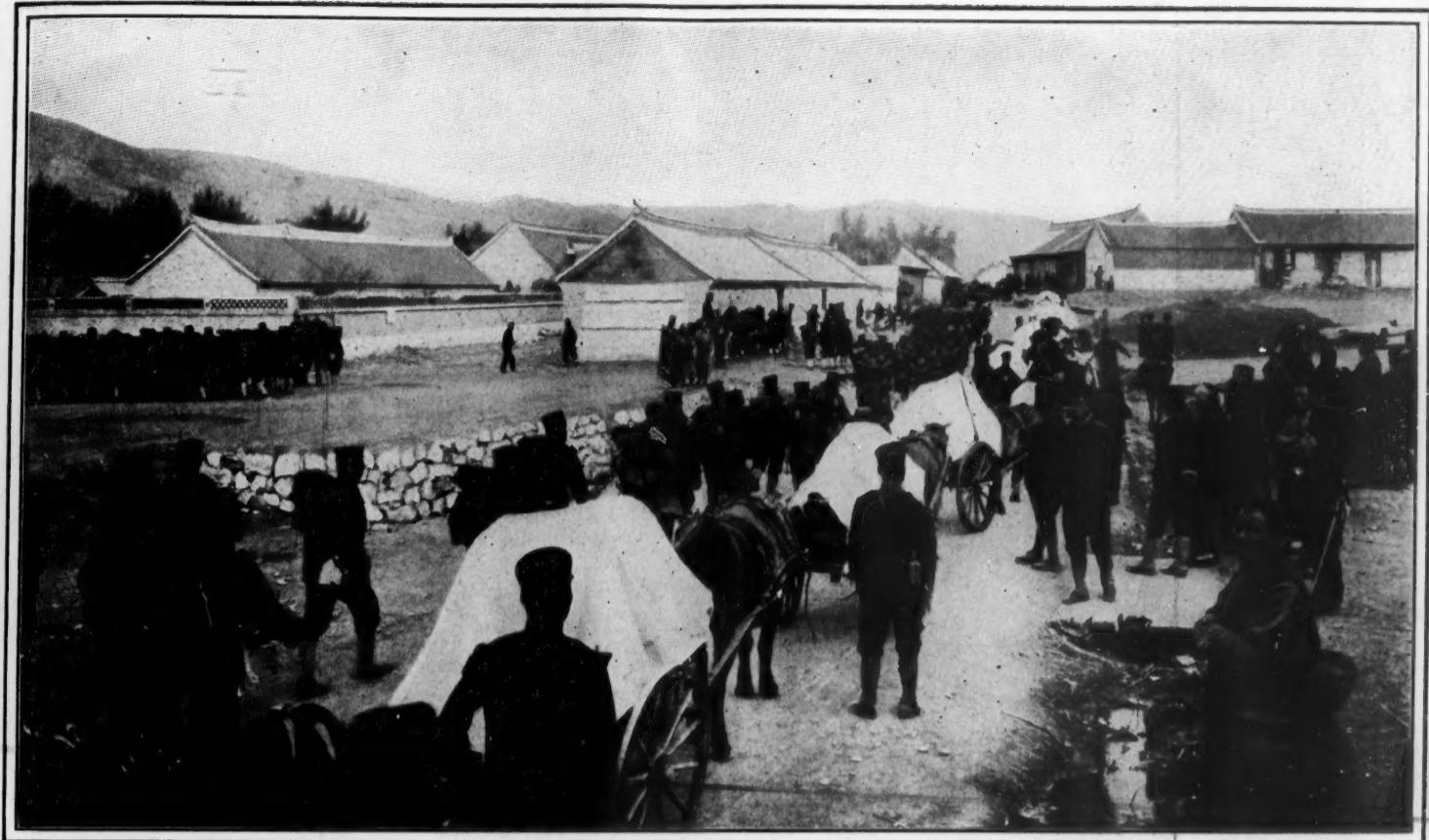
element, and Charles F. Murphy, the leader of the powerful Tammany Hall organization. Murphy nourishes a resentment for being trampled on by the machine which Hill dominates; he has a string of grudges to satisfy in seeking the downfall of his State's instructed choice. The anti-Parker interests will point to Parker's refusal to voice his view on tariff, finance, foreign policies, and the other issues which a candidate is usually expected to enunciate when seeking political preferment. New York is generally regarded as the pivotal State, and the fight between its leaders will command attention.

The Illinois situation also is acute. With 54 votes to cast, Illinois' delegates carry instructions for Hearst. The instruction was not because the convention loved Hearst more, but because it loved Mayor Carter H. Harrison of Chicago less. Hearst had allied himself with ex-Mayor John P. Hopkins in the fight against

gon will give 8 to Hearst, as will Rhode Island and South Dakota. South Carolina, Tennessee, and Texas, with 18, 24, and 36 respectively, will swell the Parker column. Utah is apt to divide honors between Parker and Hearst, giving the former the best of the spoils. Its vote is 6. Vermont's 8 are uncertain. Virginia's 24 bid fair to land in Parker's column, and West Virginia in Gorman's with 14 votes. Wisconsin's 26 go to Wall, while Washington's 10 and Wyoming's 6, with the 6 each of the Territories of Hawaii, Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma, will go to Hearst, and the 6 each of Alaska and Indian Territory to Parker. Porto Rico, whose 2 delegates are expected to be seated, has expressed no preference.

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AMMUNITION CARTS AND THEIR ESCORT PASSING THROUGH ANTUNG ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT

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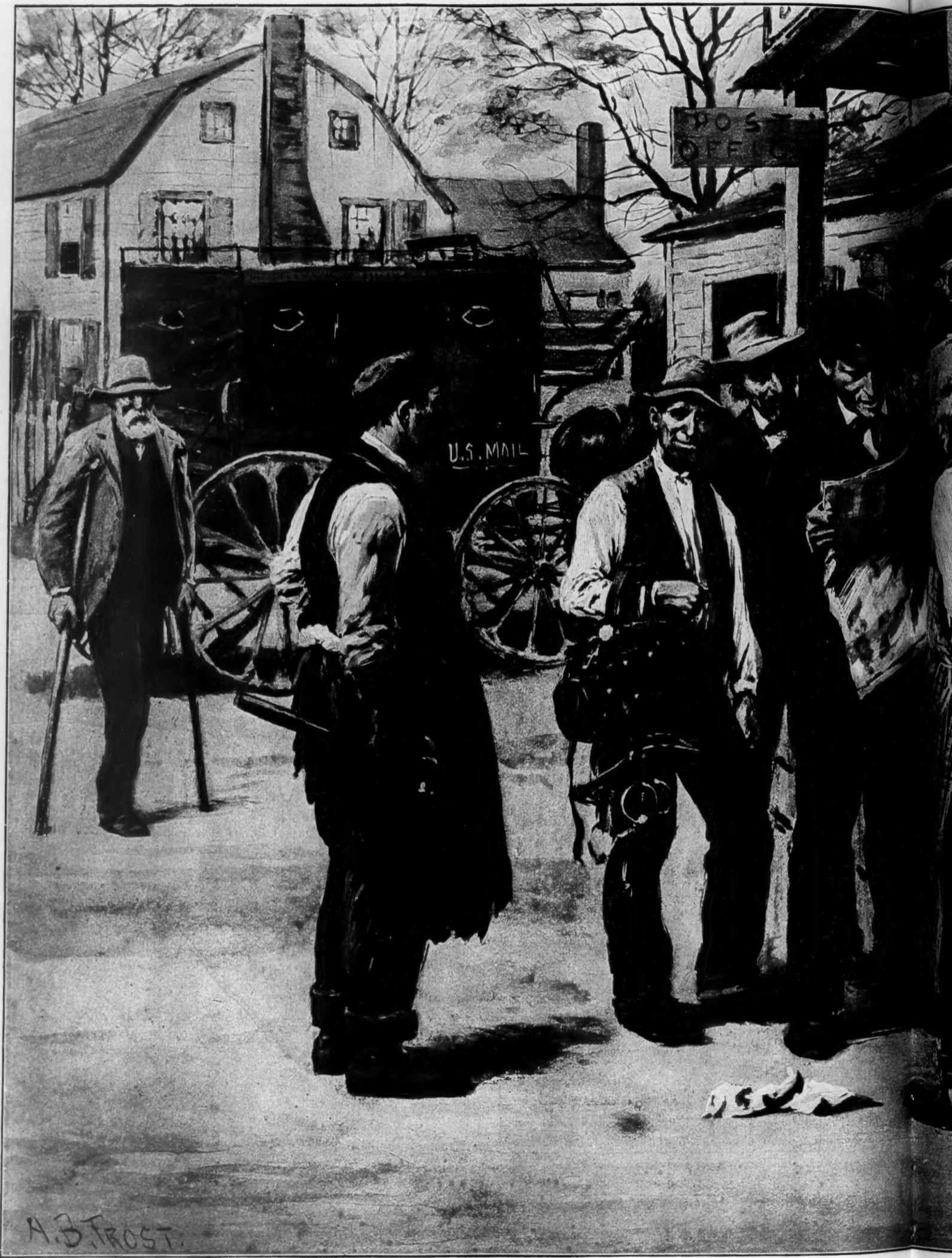
JAPANESE SOLDIERS AT MESS

The food of these men consists principally of rice and dried fish, which they eat with chopsticks out of little pannikins made of woven willow

THE JAPANESE INVASION OF MANCHURIA

After the battle of Chiu-Lien-Cheng and the crossing of the Yalu River the Japanese army established a base at Antung, on the Manchurian shore of the Yalu, and then advanced rapidly northward, driving the Russians ahead of them as far as Feng-Wang-Cheng, forty miles inland and less than one hundred miles from Mukden, General Kuropatkin's headquarters. Since then General Kuroki has been strengthening his position and stretching his lines outward on the Russian flanks, preparatory to a further advance.

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TALKING POLE

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST

ier's for July 2 1904



G POLITICS

WN BY A. B. FROST

PARKER'S FOLLY

By
W.B. MAXWELL

CLOSING time was approaching, and throughout the huge building the tired attendants were beginning to put things in order for the night. In ten minutes the Universal Metropolitan Emporium would drive its crowd of purchasers out of doors into the foggy night, and for the rest of the evening the small shops of the neighborhood would be free from the overwhelming competition of their gigantic enemy.

At the staircase end of the glove department, on the third floor, an iron curtain had fallen, leaving only a small wicket open to the stream of bargain hunters, and Mr. Dickinson, the superintendent with the fierce black eyebrows, had just reprimanded one of his young ladies for daring to "undress" her six feet of counter without permission. The heat was intense; the exhausted air of the lower floors floated upward, and with it an indescribable murmur of moving feet and raised voices. Beneath the white glare of the lamps the shop-girls looked wan and drooping as they struggled with the mob of ladies who still besieged one end of the long counter devoted to cheap gloves and handkerchiefs. "Only thirty-nine cents and these half a dollar," a salesgirl was saying mechanically. "A very good wearing color, indeed, madam."

She was a slim, auburn-haired girl, with a pretty, delicate face and sad gray eyes, which were fixed on the brass gates behind which the elevator would presently stop. The elevator shaft was empty; a black vault, which told her that the elevator itself was down below. Had it been above, the shiny, noiseless column would have been in view. Suddenly, above all other sounds, she caught the tones of the elevator man's voice, far off, but clear and bell-like, announcing the departments on the floor below.

"Well, madam," she continued, "the more expensive *are* better quality, but the cheaper *are* very strong. You'll take the fifty-cent quality? Well, they *are* worth the difference."

Then the elevator appeared—brilliantly illuminated like a room, and the tall young elevator man snapped open the brass gates and made his declaration:

"Drapery—Antimacassars—Rugs—Linens—Indoor—Nightwear—Garments," in a strong, firm voice, and the salesgirl's pale face was suffused with a sudden blush while she stooped lower over the glove-tray to conceal the gratified smile on her parted lips.

"He calls me 'darling,'" she murmured to herself. "He can see I have a headache and he wants to comfort me, else he would never have dared to say it. How handsome he looks, but I wish he wasn't so rash."

The gates shut again with a sharp click, and the car began to soar upward to floors she had never seen. She watched his legs, in the close-fitting black trousers and the broad gold stripes, until they disappeared, and wondered if the guardsman-viscount of the novel she was now reading had a more attractive uniform.

"Can I show madam anything else?" she inquired.

"I have asked you to fetch me some reindeers three times, and now I shall not wait," said the customer, bristling with indignation. "I am not accustomed—"

"I am sorry, madam. Pray let me—" Mr. Dickinson was hurrying forward, followed by two ladies, in search of a disengaged saleswoman.

"Miss Thompson!" he called peremptorily.

"Attending, sir," replied the girl. "That is precisely what you are not doing," said Miss Thompson's offended lady. "If you were attending, you would have heard my request. However, one must make excuses. You have had a long day, no doubt."

"I am a little tired, madam," confessed the girl.

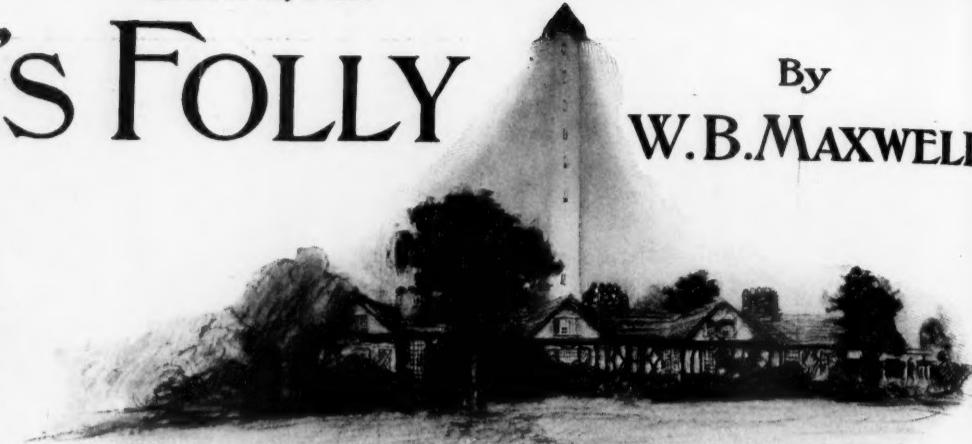
II

LIFE had seemed almost insupportable to poor, gray-eyed Edith Thompson during her first month's work at the Metropolitan. From the drowsy peace of the dark little country shop to the unceasing tumult of the huge Emporium was a transition so violent that it stunned her. The inexorable routine of each endless day, the long descent down the stone staircase to miserable meals in the black cellars, the toiling up again, breathless and panting, to resume the slave-like task, crushed her into the spiritless submission of the convict condemned for life.

In the midst of the continual crowd she was friendless and alone, for it was a part of the iron discipline of the Metropolitan Society to discourage friendships among its employees, and countless regulations were enforced to further this policy.

Then, gradually, a flower began to bloom in the barren track of her existence; a touch of romance began to color the dead monotony of the heavy hours. Stationed exactly opposite to the brass gates, seeing him pass and pass again, time after time, how could she help thinking about him? Everything concerning him was beautiful, poetical, and entrancing. There was a window in the shaft which she could just see by stooping, and, through it, a patch of sky, across which the clouds raced with dizzying speed when a high wind was blowing. When he came rumbling up from the bowels of the earth and began to soar past, toward the blue sky, darkness literally fell behind him, for the elevator blocked the light from the window. And so he was to her the coming and going light which made the darkness endurable to her.

To other girls he was doubtless nothing more than a handsome, well-dressed man. Tall and elegant, with pale-blue eyes and blond mustache, he must have been admired everywhere. The other girls could see the deference paid him by the public, and could look up to him as one moving easily and gracefully on higher



planes; descending to admit some beautiful dilatory lady, or gravely declining the company of the stateliest old gentleman when the number of his passengers was made up. Such things as this the other girls could see. But Edith could see the soul of the man beneath the mask of official dignity.

He loved her! How sweet was the discovery! With what rapture she first realized that he was making the confession of his love!

His duty was to call out the chief departments on each floor as he reached it, so that travelers might alight at their proper station. But, virtually, he was expected to know the resting-place of every article in the whole building, in order to be able to direct the people who questioned en route exactly where to go. Edith, listening to his varied cries, marveled at the extent of his memory, while her ears drank in the musical tones of his voice.

There was one cry which was constantly recurring, "Ladies' Outfits, Vests, Etcetera." It was generally when the elevator was nearly empty that he uttered these words.

He would say them distinctly, but rather softly, and then one or two ladies would step out, while the softness of his voice and his softer eyes, resting on her for a moment, would fill her with vague contentment. Then there was another cry which was rather frequent, and which he rattled off almost defiantly at times: "Indian Lace, Ottoman Velvet, Eastern Yarns, Oriental Umbrellas."

This list comprised nearly the entire contents of the little long room which led out of the large woollen goods department, and it surprised her to hear how frequently his whole crew had devoted themselves to this one room. Then she remarked that the passengers did not proceed to the Oriental Department. Some went into the "Hats"; others would dive into the "Waterproofs and Mackintoshes" under the big clock. Once or twice nobody at all turned toward the velvets and Eastern yarns. So it was evident that the elevator man had not been announcing their destination according to his wont. What did it mean? What did he mean?

"Indian Lace," she used to invariably repeat, imitating his manner of leaning, as it were, on the first letters of his words. "Last time he said 'Indian Lace' he looked at me, and this time he looked again." There was no customer at her part of the counter, and Mr. Dickinson was at the other end of the department, as she thoughtfully watched the great, shiny column imperceptibly creeping upward. Then she scribbled his cry on a blank form from her black book. "Indian

Lace, Ottoman Velvet, Eastern." She blushed and turned pale as she noticed what the initials of the elevator man's words spelled — "I LOVE." Yarns, Oriental Umbrellas — "YOU."

She trembled at the thought that there might be a subtly sweet message in the apparently meaningless departure from his customary declaration. What was the other cry? The soft-toned one whose sounds were like a spiritual caress? Hastily she jotted it down with her grating pencil, "Ladies' Outfits, Vests, Etcetera!" LOVE! It was his whisper of passion to prepare her for his definite confession, and although she had not fathomed its intention, something of its character had mysteriously moved her.

She was reprimanded by Mr. Dickinson for carelessness and

stupidity during the course of that afternoon; for her mind was in a rapturous whirl, and she was serving as though in a dream. She could only wait and long for the coming of the elevator as it rose and fell, with its steady, pulse-like sounds, so out of unison with the wild thrubbings of her own heart.

"Sponges, Waterproofs, Elastic Expanders, Tents," He had plunged into the india-rubber goods to call her "SWEET." "Suspenders, Wrappers, Elastic Expanders, Tents, Erasers, Swimming-belts, and Towels." He had ransacked the department to call her "SWEET-EST."

But toward closing time, in the heat and flurry of the last hour, a sense of her folly and presumption calmed her excitement. He was certainly making messages, there could be no doubt of that, but what right had she to suppose that the messages were addressed to her, when there were fifty girls on that floor within hearing of his clarion tones? Or, indeed, why should she imagine that his burning words were addressed to anything but the vivified air? In the monotony of his upward and downward flight, what more natural than that he should amuse himself by a fanciful play upon the words in the Society's bloated index? He would feel secure from detection, and, if he knew that a foolish girl had penetrated his Sphinx-like riddle, he would simply laugh at her for misinterpreting it.

Yet, he looked at her so often. His blue eyes rested on her, not on space or on other girls, and his eyes were gentle and kind.

In the weeks that followed, she suffered from the violent alternations of doubt and delight. She acquired an extraordinary rapidity in reading his communications. Sometimes he would not speak for days, and then suddenly would make a sweet, abrupt remark and relapse into incoherence. Suppose he were losing heart under the conviction that he had failed to make himself intelligible! This last doubt was dreadful, but it was laid at rest on the afternoon which made her happiness secure.

As he opened the gates he looked straight at her, with an expression of anxious inquiry in his face, and said slowly—there happened to be none but ladies in the car at the moment—"Underwear—Novelties—Dyeless Elastic Ramswool Shirts, Trouserettes, And Night Dresses."—UNDERSTAND?

He was asking her if she understood. She bowed her head in assent, but still he did not seem satisfied. Then, leaning over her glove boxes, she said firmly, "Yes, I understand you perfectly."

"Not so loud, Miss Thompson," said Mr. Dickinson angrily. "You know very well that no conversation is permitted."

He thought she had spoken to the girl next to her. If he had only guessed the truth.

She risked everything by glancing toward the car again. He had heard her. His divine smile told her that he had heard as he soared upward.

III

"MY NAME is George Parker," said the elevator man shyly. "What is yours, miss?"

"My name is Edith Thompson," and she blushed and gently withdrew her small gloved hand from his.

It was Saturday afternoon and they had met, by appointment. Two days before, during Mr. Dickinson's luncheon hour, Parker, after discharging his passengers, had walked over to Edith's counter and deposited a small cardboard box before her.

"Don't open it till you get home," he whispered. In the box was a letter—a lovely letter, beginning with the assurance of his love, and concluding with an invitation to spend Saturday afternoon in his company.

"How good of you to come," he said. "When you nodded, of course I knew that you meant to, but I have been so afraid that something would prevent it. Where shall we go? Would you care to go to the sea-shore?"

"Oh, that would be lovely! It is such a treat to get out of the city."

He was not dressed in his uniform. For the last forty-eight hours she had been wondering if he would meet her in uniform or in private clothes. Nothing could have been more elegant than his attire, and he carried himself so beautifully in his silk hat, black overcoat, and dark trousers that she knew everybody could see that he was an officer of some sort! And he was well content with her appearance. From the brown Matador hat, with the new veil, to her neat



An official-looking document

little black shoes, each carefully studied item of her toilet satisfied him. She was instinctively aware of this as his shy, sidelong glance fell upon her. It was odd, but the conversation, as they walked along, seemed difficult to sustain.

Presently, however, they fell to discussing the management of the Metropolitan, and, with this inexhaustible subject in hand, the restraint between them soon began to wear away.

"Can you believe that I did not dare try to discover your name?" he said. "To wait for you outside would have meant either your being moved to the other end of the building or one of us being dismissed from service. Was there ever such tyranny?"

"Why do they do it? It's cruel! I mayn't even sit at meals next the girls at my counter, though five of them dine the same time as me."

"It's their system," explained he. "They live in dread of being robbed, and no doubt they are robbed right and left, for their accountant office has never been worth anything. They won't keep the necessary staff to overlook things properly, and they think if none of the employees are allowed to be friends, that will prevent frauds and counter conspiracies."

"It is a shame!" said Edith. "But you and I couldn't conspire if we wanted to ever so much."

"Ah!" said Parker. "But there's the horrible difference of rank. You know their class divisions, of course, don't you?" and then with much delicacy he explained the Society's regulations with regard to the status of the different orders of its staff. Desk clerks were of a lower rank than office clerks, superintendents and show-women were on a level with department clerks, and so on and so forth.

"If there were a procession, or a great banquet—which I needn't say is never likely to happen—I suppose I should go in immediately after the head fireman or just before the chief detective," said he apologetically, but with perhaps a suspicion of pride in his voice.

"I don't blame them for maintaining discipline, but why should they try to interfere with our private affairs? Of course, for instance, it would not do for me to carry superintendents, as is often suggested, or for any one no matter how high he stood to have the right to stop me in transit. I am responsible, like the captain of a ship, so it is only fair I should be given the same absolute command as a captain has."

Edith was humiliated to think of the immeasurable drop from his position to hers, but there was nothing in the least snobbish in his manner of stating the case, and the sweet thought that love had bridged the gulf between them reassured her.

Then he talked of his occupation—the grand feeling of power as he pulled the wire rope; the wild upward swing of a nearly empty car, with the hydraulic pressure at its strongest; the sudden drop from the top floor under a heavy cargo, when half the ladies and all the children on board gave little frightened screams; the continual change of society, the succession of pleasant company, never staying long enough to bore one, and the jokes, odd sayings, and queer out-of-the-way bits of information always being picked up from the fragmentary conversations.

"It is a grand life!" said the girl simply. "I seem to imagine it, though I have never ridden in one yet."

"Oh, if I could only take you for your first ride!" said he. "You would never want to walk upstairs again. I pity you so, every day, thinking of you climbing up those awful stairs. Do you know that elevator work—and I have been at it two years; eighteen months at the Mammoth Flats and six here—utterly unfit for stairs? There are only two flights where I live, but I have to stop three or four times, and I often arrive with the perspiration pouring off me and my heart beating fit to break."

At the seaside there were the usual crowds of people on pleasure bent, but they turned their backs on the sightseers, and sauntered up a hill to a terrace and a great park. Here, in the dull twilight, with the gray mists rising from the valley, where the winding stream glowed red in the dying sunlight, and on the sodden turf, the elevator man began to talk of his love. They had exchanged narratives of their uneventful histories, and seemed now to have known each other for years. He was, like her, an orphan, only he had no relatives that he was aware of, and she had one aunt, the owner of the country shop where she had learned her business.

"When did I first feel like that?" he asked. "Why, from the first day I saw you. There had been a red-haired Scotch girl in your place, and I don't know why she was dismissed, only one day I noticed she was gone. Then, late in the afternoon, I saw your face, so beautiful and so gentle—Mr. Dickinson was lecturing you—and from that moment I was your slave."

Edith was looking straight before her over the indistinct landscape, in which shore and sea were now veiled by the moisture in her eyes, as well as by the curtain of mist. Was it not too beautiful to be true? What was the condescension of the viscounts in her novel compared with his? How poor was their love, and how mean their haw-haw mode of expressing it compared with the sweet reality!

"I knew that you were my fate," he continued. "If I could not win you, life would not be worth living. But you don't know how shy and diffident I am by na-

ture. How could I let you know what my feelings were? How could I find out if you cared for me—one little bit? Other men would have been bolder, suffering what I did—would have risked dismissal to learn the truth. But it would have meant dismissal for you as well as me, and that helped to keep me back, and all the time I was buoyed up by the hope that you did care for me. Is that very conceited? No, it was some mysterious link between us. Providence meant us for one another. It must have, or how would you have read my meaning when at last I had hit on a way of addressing you? Not one girl in a million would have understood me."

They lingered long over a sumptuous meal of ice cream and cakes, and then wandered back to the station, where he purchased an evening paper for them to read together in the train.

"I don't look at a paper from one end of the week to the other," he said, as they unfolded the latest edition on their knees, "for, of course, I hear of everything that's doing, in the elevator."

"I don't care for papers either," said Edith, "except it's the 'Personal' column. That's better than a book sometimes. Let's look at this one. 'Bob. All will be forgiven—Kate.' How silly! 'Lost.' I never read the 'Losts' till the last. Oh! How extraordinary! 'George Parrott Parker!'"

Parker was startled. "How did you know my name was Parrott?" he asked. "I never told you that."

"It's here, I am reading from the paper. 'George Parrott Parker, who was christened at St. Jude's, Barcombe, Devonshire, in the year — and is known to have left that place for New York about three years ago, will hear of something greatly to his advantage if he will communicate with Messrs. Wolcott & Pierce, 32 Nassau Street, City. Or any one giving information which will lead to the discovery of his present where-

also? He did not know her address, and the Society would not send on letters to a discarded salesgirl; but why was he making no effort to communicate with her? The sickness of deferred hope fell on her as the weeks slipped by, and then at last she understood the reason of his desertion.

He had come into an immense fortune. That advertisement in the paper meant that wealth beyond the dreams of everything but avarice was waiting for him to claim it. He was a millionaire, and all at once the newspapers seemed full of his surprising windfall, making very merry over the delicious idea of his being summarily dismissed at the moment of hearing his good luck. How could a millionaire be expected to remember vows sworn to a shopgirl? How could she be angry at his desertion now? He had soared upward to planes on which she had never trod—as in the old days at the stores—and the shadow of a lifelong regret fell behind him.

There were very few customers in the big shop, and one of the girls was furtively reading a newspaper behind the counter, while Edith was vacantly watching the cars as they passed the windows.

She was thinner and more delicate-looking than of old. The pinched features and deadly pallor told their tale of weary days and sleepless nights, and her gray eyes looked larger and sadder than when they used to follow the shiny column in its imperceptible progress.

Presently the girl began to snicker over her newspaper. "Miss Thompson!" she whispered, "just have a look at this advertisement about a baby!"

Edith took a step sideways and looked down into the drawer where the ink-stained finger pointed to the newspaper. The girl was pointing to the "Personal" column, and Edith shivered as she thought of what one of those advertisements had robbed her.

She read the first advertisement about the baby mechanically, and remained staring at the second advertisement, which was merely a number of incongruous and unpunctuated words—"Indian lace ottoman velvet Eastern yarns etc. etc. etc."

"Oh, don't read that gibberish," said the girl; "that sort of thing has been in every day for the last year."

But Edith had read what was gibberish to all the world except herself, and, with a gasping sob and a wild wave of arms, had fallen behind the counter in a dead faint.

V

MR. AND MRS. PARKER had been married for more than a year and a half. Looking back on those happy eighteen months, Edith could see nothing but unruffled love and sunshine unbroken by the shadow of a cloud. From the moment that she had seen his "Personal" advertisement the darkness had been lifted and the sun had begun to shine.

They had met again. The advertisement had told her that he would be waiting, where he had waited every day during the year of their separation, on the spot where they had first clasped hands. His emotion and delight had been so great

when she appeared that he could not speak. He had handed her into his splendid carriage, the tall footman had jumped up by the fat coachman's side, and the big horses had whirled them along for quite some time before he could find voice to tell her of his rapture.

He was one of the richest, and he had been one of the most miserable, men in America, he told her. He had used every effort to trace her, poured out his new money in wild devices to discover her, and all without avail. His living treasure had disappeared in the immensity of a great city, and in his despair of recovering it he had come absolutely to hate the sordid dross which fate had given him in exchange.

"I hated my old cousin for piling up such a mountain of worthless gold," he told her as they lingered over their luncheon in the hotel. "But now I bless him. Now that I have you to share it with me I revel in the thought of our wealth. What shall we do with it, darling? Think of something wonderful and out of the way. There is nothing that we are not rich enough to do."

They would travel, of course. They would first see all the beauties of strange lands and far-off seas. They would probably buy an ocean-going steamer, or charter it as a yacht. Then they would build a lovely house in the country and would settle down.

"It shall be a palace," said he fondly. "Would you like it to be an exact model of Windsor Castle or Hampton Court? Don't ask for an ordinary house. Think of something startling."

"I know, dear," said Edith, after thinking deeply. "A bungalow! As big as you like, but only one floor. You know what you told me about not being able to go upstairs, and I hate staircases, too, since those awful stone ones at the Universal. Well, we won't have a single step or stair in our house."

Parker was entranced.

They were surprised to find how slow a business the building of a house can be, and yet there was so much pleasure in the work that they were not inclined to quarrel with their architect or contractors. After looking at half of the best estates in England and America, they had purchased the side of a hill at Barcombe, his native place. They traveled away for a month or two at a time, then returning to superintend operations, and on each return they found more and more work to do. Slowly but surely the long, low house, with its stone bays and tessellated verandas, stretched itself this way and that way. Gradually, an army of navvies and masons built up terrace upon terrace, high walls to shut them in from the prying outside world, granite fish ponds, and carved fountains. (Continued on page 22.)



As he opened the gates he looked straight at her



THE PRINCETON-YALE BASEBALL GAME AT NEW YORK, JUNE 18

Before 18,000 spectators, the largest crowd that ever witnessed a college baseball game, the Princeton nine won the third and deciding game of the Yale-Princeton series by a score of 10 to 4.



CAPTAIN RUST

Of the Harvard team, who won the quarter at the international meet in 1901



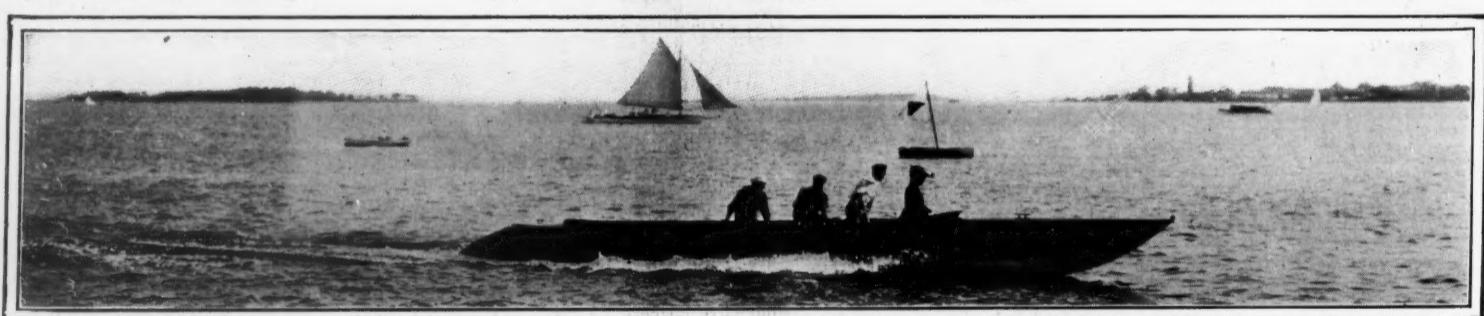
THE YALE TRACK ATHLETIC TEAM WHICH WILL GO TO ENGLAND

TRAINER MURPHY	TORREY
GASS	SHEVLIN
HILL	OLCOTT
PARBONS	CLAPP
VICTOR	LONG



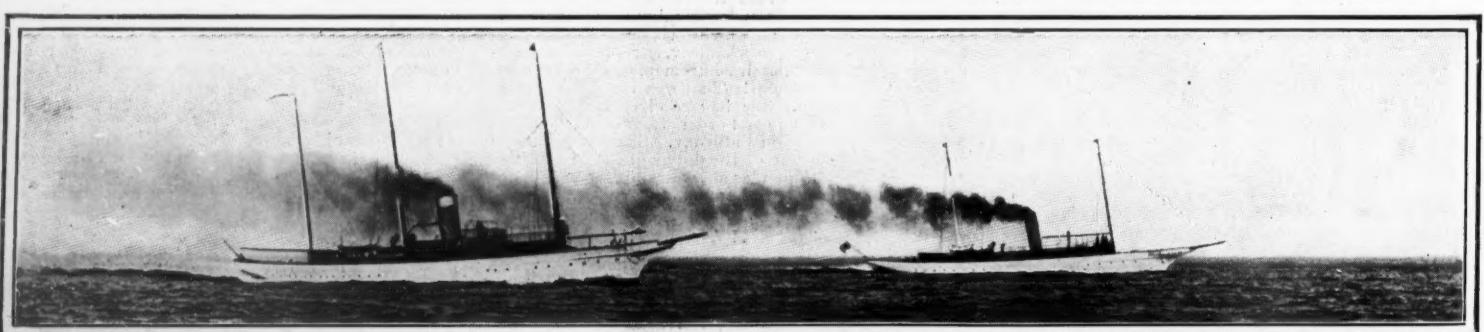
W. A. SCHICK, JR., OF HARVARD

Champion sprinter, who won the hundred at the Intercollegiates



W. K. VANDERBILT'S AUTOBOAT, "THE HARD-BOILED EGG," WITH MRS. VANDERBILT AT THE WHEEL

"The Hard-Boiled Egg" is just crossing the line a winner in a nineteen-mile race held in the Sound, off New Rochelle, June 18. The average speed for the race was 14½ knots.



THE RACE FOR THE LYSISTRATA CUP, JUNE 18, BETWEEN H. H. ROGERS'S STEAM YACHT "KANAWHA" AND F. M. SMITH'S "HAUOLI"

The "Kanawha," which won the race last year, was never headed during the whole sixty miles of the run. Her time was 3 hours and 58 seconds, and she won by 5 minutes and 39 seconds. The victory gives her owner absolute possession of the cup offered by Ex-Commodore James Gordon Bennett of the New York Yacht Club.



OUT-OF-DOORS

IN THIS DEPARTMENT, OUTDOOR LIFE—THAT IS, SPORT IN THE BROADER AND MORE GENERAL SENSE—WILL BE DISCUSSED AT FREQUENT INTERVALS DURING THE COMING SUMMER AND AUTUMN

TO CARRY the colors, not only of your college, but of your country, over seas, to meet in friendly rivalry the young gentlemen of Oxford and Cambridge on an English field, with the King and our Minister to St. James's and no end of fine folk looking on, to be dined and toasted and entertained at tea on the Terrace—all this is rather pleasant reward for an undergraduate who happens to be able to run a fraction of a second faster or jump an inch or so higher than any number of his friends. That was what happened to the fortunate young men who made up the Harvard-Yale team which was sent abroad in the summer of 1899, and the renewal of this challenge by the two great English universities recalls pleasant recollections of the past and enlivening anticipations of the games that are to come.

PAST CONTESTS WITH OUR ENGLISH COUSINS

THE first track meet between English and American undergraduates was in 1894, when a Yale team met Oxford on the Queen's Club grounds in London and was defeated by a score of $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$. In the following year Cambridge University sent a team to this country, which met Yale at New Haven and was defeated by a score of 8 to 3. The Cambridge team, together with a number of London Athletic Club athletes, had already been overwhelmingly defeated by an aggregation of specialists gathered together by the New York Athletic Club, in a meet at which the performances were consistently higher than at any other track meet ever held before or since. In the summer of 1899 the first really representative international college games—the ones we have already mentioned—were held at London between the Oxford-Cambridge and the Harvard-Yale teams, and the Englishmen won by the narrow margin of 5 to 4. On September 25, 1901, Oxford and Cambridge sent a team to this country for a return match with Harvard and Yale. The Americans won by a score of 6 to 3. The three firsts that went to the Englishmen were secured in the three distance runs which those two very interesting runners, Mr. Cockshot of Trinity College, Cambridge, the English amateur champion at that time, and the Rev. H. W. Workman, also a Cantabrigian, captured with ease. To be a clergyman in fact and appearance, as the Rev. Workman was, and to win in the same afternoon the half-mile in $1:55\frac{3}{5}$ and the two miles in $9:50$, was a feat calculated to rouse enthusiasm in the most blasé.

DIFFICULTIES OF ENGLISH CLIMATE

IT WILL be observed that in each of these international meets the home team won—a result in which the effects of the change of climate no doubt had considerable part. It has been indisputably proved by the experience of teams and of individuals that the English climate is to American athletes peculiarly enervating. They lose snap and vigor and, if sprinters, speed; and the longer they stay on the other side the slower they get. Those of our college athletes who have taken graduate work at Oxford or Cambridge, and competed there in the sports at which they had excelled at home, were never able to attain their old form; while specialists, like Arthur Duffy, for instance, who have gone campaigning up and down the length of the British Isles, have deteriorated until, as Duffy himself once said, he "could hardly believe at the end of the season that he had ever been able to do the remarkable times with which he was credited at the beginning of it." This very mildness and moisture which takes the snap out of the high-strung American athlete seems to act as a sort of seasoner and stayer to the native English athlete, and although he can not equal us in the sprints, he is decidedly our superior in the distance runs. It is a fallacy to think that a team of American athletes can be acclimated by a few weeks' training in England. Such an experience is bound to be disastrous, and we hope that the Harvard-Yale team which is to meet Oxford and Cambridge on July 23 will train at home as long as possible, keep their condition as well as may be on shipboard, keep away from the Thames Valley on reaching England, and, after a few days at Brighton, or in some similarly bracing atmosphere on the coast, to get their land legs again, go directly up to London for the games. The meet will be held in London in the latter part of July, and the events will be the same as those contested at the games

in 1899 on the Queen's Club grounds. These events are: The two-mile, one-mile, and half-mile runs; one hundred, and four hundred-and-forty yard dashes; high and broad jumps, high hurdles, and hammer throw. The cutting out of the shot-put deprives the American team of what would undoubtedly be one sure first, as the English collegians are as inferior to ours in the weights as they are superior in the distance runs. This is for the simple reason that with their dilettante methods of training they have never taken the trouble to acquire the footwork and proper handling of the body and the missile which go to make up the difficult technique of these events.

MAKE-UP OF THE AMERICAN TEAM

SQUADS of ten men were picked at Harvard and at Yale on June 14 and sent to the training table. Out of these twenty men probably sixteen will be taken to England. Among those who will in all probability compete against the Englishmen are W. A. Schick of Harvard, the intercollegiate champion in the sprints; E. T. Clapp of Yale, winner of both the hurdle events at the intercollegiate games; E. B. Parsons of Yale, who equaled the intercollegiate half-mile record of 1 minute $56\frac{4}{5}$ seconds at this year's championship meet, and the following point winners at the intercol-

on the day of the race could scarcely have been improved upon, but the course is full of sharp curves and sudden falls and rises, and it presents enough difficulties to try the nerves of the most reckless of drivers even though such a daredevil speed as a mile a minute were not attempted. There were seven countries represented in the race—France, Germany, England, Belgium, Italy, Austria, and Switzerland, each by a team of three. The start was made at seven o'clock in the morning, Jenatzy, the holder of the trophy, being the first to be sent away. Edge of England followed seven minutes later, and the others were started at similar intervals. All completed the first circuit without trouble, except Opel of the Swiss team, who broke a shaft while passing through the main street of the town of Wehrheim, and was obliged to retire. At the end of the second circuit Théry, the winner, had assumed a lead, and by the end of the third round it was apparent that the race lay between him and Jenatzy. The latter drove his car, a Mercedes, to the limit until the very end, but he could not catch up, and Théry, in an eighty-horse-power Richard-Brasier car, crossed the line a winner in the time for the course of 5 hours 50 minutes and 3 seconds.

The crowd at the finish line was large and brilliant, and the fact that a German champion had been beaten on a German course did not seem to lessen the enthusiasm with which the winner was greeted. Emperor William, who, with the Empress, was a spectator, was the first to congratulate France on capturing the trophy. Baron de Zuylen, president of the French Automobile Club, was sent for and presented to their Majesties in the royal box. Among the royal spectators were Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, Prince Frederick, and Prince and Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse.

In this country, H. S. Harkness's record run from Boston to New York in less than seven hours is the most interesting bit of fast motor driving that has occurred within the past few weeks. The fastest previous record for this run of 254 miles over ordinary country roads was that of Harry Fosdick of Boston, who made the distance in 10 hours 40 minutes, elapsed time, and 8 hours 54 minutes actual running time. Mr. Harkness's elapsed time was 6 hours 41 minutes, and he lost 27 minutes by making two stops to attend to his tires. He believes that he can cut an hour off this record on another trial. During part of the run, while the road was downhill, Mr. Harkness went, he says, at the rate of 100 miles an hour. At one point, a flying bird struck his goggles, breaking the glass and slightly cutting one of his eyelids.

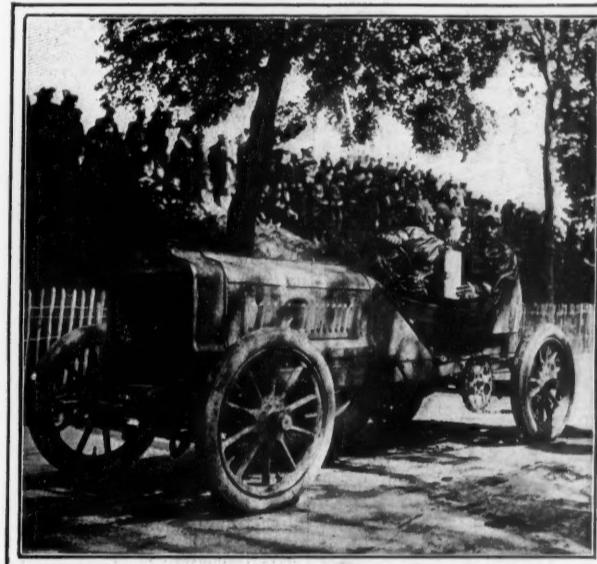
GOOD WORK IN THE MIDDLE WEST

THE faculty representatives of the Middle Western colleges included in the "conference" association have taken another step toward doing away with the summer baseball evil and more thoroughly clarifying

the amateur spirit by adopting the following rule: "A student shall be ineligible to represent his college in athletic contests who engages in such contests as a representative of any athletic organization not connected with his college, whether in term time or vacation, except by special written permission previously obtained of the proper athletic authorities. Occasional games during vacation on teams which have no permanent organization are not prohibited, provided written permission has been first secured, and further provided that such permission be granted for one team only during any single vacation; and it is expressly understood that no permission will be given to play on a professional or semi-professional team. In the administration of the rule it is expressly understood that a semi-professional team is one any member of which receives remuneration for his services, and proof of this fact shall not devolve on the person giving the permission, but he may accept common report as a basis for action."

TEXAS IS SOUTHERN CHAMPION

THE DAY is long past when the so-called "Mott Haven" games or Intercollegiate Championships represent anything but a portion of the track athletic interests of the country. It takes just as fast running nowadays to win in games in Michigan or in Iowa as at games at the older colleges of the East, and there



M. Théry, Winner of the International Automobile Race, June 17

legiates in Philadelphia: Bird of Harvard, second in the high hurdles; Cates of Yale, and Bauer of Harvard, second and third respectively in the low hurdles; Victor of Yale, fourth in the high jump; Long of Yale, second in the quarter-mile and fourth in the two-twenty; Olcott of Yale, fourth in the mile; Dives of Harvard, third in the quarter-mile; Shevlin and Glass of Yale, second and fourth respectively in the hammer-throw, Shevlin throwing 158 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches; and Sheffield of Yale, fourth in the broad jump.

FRANCE WINS IN AUTO RACE

DRIVING his car at the whirlwind rate of a mile a minute for 350 miles, M. Théry, representing France, won the international race at Homburg by 11 minutes and 18 seconds over his nearest competitor. Jenatzy, the German, who won the race last year, was second. In spite of the crowds who witnessed the race and the fearful velocity maintained by the cars, there were no serious mishaps, and no one was injured—a result which speaks strongly both for the management of the event and the construction of the European cars. There were no American cars in the race, although one American, of the name of Marsden, drove an Austrian car.

The Homburg course is roughly circular and $87\frac{1}{2}$ miles in circumference. Four circuits were therefore necessary to complete the total distance of 350 miles. The road was in excellent condition, and the weather

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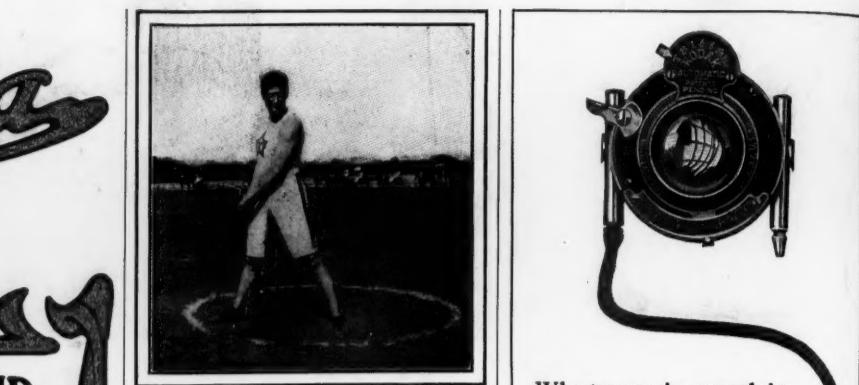
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L. W. Parrish, University of Texas
Holder of the Southern record in hammer throwing: 121 feet 5½ inches

are "intercollegiate" associations of every sort from the North Dakota association to that of Texas. The Southern Intercollegiate A.A. championship was won this spring by the University of Texas, whose athletes captured eight first places, as against the four firsts that went to Vanderbilt University. Bowen of Texas tied the Southern record of 10 1-5 seconds in the hundred; Elam of Texas, made a new record of 10 feet 4 inches in the pole-vault; Jones of Texas equaled the record of 23 1-5 seconds in the two-twenty, and Anderson of Vanderbilt made a new record of 16 1-5 seconds in the high hurdles; Parrish, whose picture is shown above, set the Southern hammer-throw record at 121 feet 5 1-2 inches. Texas, has arranged for a football game next fall with the University of Chicago.

A VACATION IN A GUIDE BOAT

THESE are the days when busy folk all over the land, who are presently to have a fortnight's freedom, are engaged in the pursuit of the illusive ideal vacation. It is a rainbow that is never found, and many wait until the last moment, dash off in despair to some tiresome "resort," and learn later to repent. One sort of vacation, which combines many of the pleasures of "roughing it" with the conveniences of civilization and of easy access, may be spent touring in a guide boat.

The Adirondack Mountain region of New York State divides naturally into two sections, the eastern region of lofty peaks and beautiful valleys, and the western plateau, high and rolling, with innumerable ponds and lakes linked by pretty winding streams. Nowhere in our country is there a chain of lakes so well adapted for comfortable touring. From whatever point a start is made a circle of lakes can be traversed so as to bring the tourist back to the starting-point after passing new scenery every mile of the way. Guides for such trips can be hired, together with a boat, for \$3 a day, and their board and lodging. Thus equipped, and with no baggage except, perhaps, a sweater, a few yards of rubber sheeting to throw over one in case of rain, and the little needed articles of the guide's pack basket, you travel from lake to lake, rowing or paddling most of the time, and now and then going overland on foot and with the help of the horse carries.

Starting at such a place, for instance, as Blue Mountain Lake, you may travel two or three hundred miles in from eight to twelve days, with constantly changing rough country by day and a comfortable hotel to stop in each night. Such a trip—it was on one actually taken by Mr. H. C. Barnaby of New York City that the accompanying photograph was made—would include Long Lake, Racket River to Racket Falls, Saranac Lake, Lake Placid, Paul Smith's, St. Regis Lake and Lake Clear, Big Tupper Lake, Little Tupper Lake, Forked Lake, Racket Lake, Eighth Lake, Fourth Lake, Big Moose Lake. To a man's nature, such a trip will naturally appeal. Although the guides are there to do the work, you should have it understood at the outset that you are to do all that you can stand: you are to row and to carry the boat, if you would get the full enjoyment of your trip. You certainly will have to carry the pack basket, if not the oars, when the guide carries the boat. A guide-boat trip is not too strenuous an amusement for women, provided there are husbands and brothers to do the portaging. And, as trips go, it is not expensive.

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But half a world in convoy looks up to us today,

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To guide them to the haven by Freedom's chart and course;

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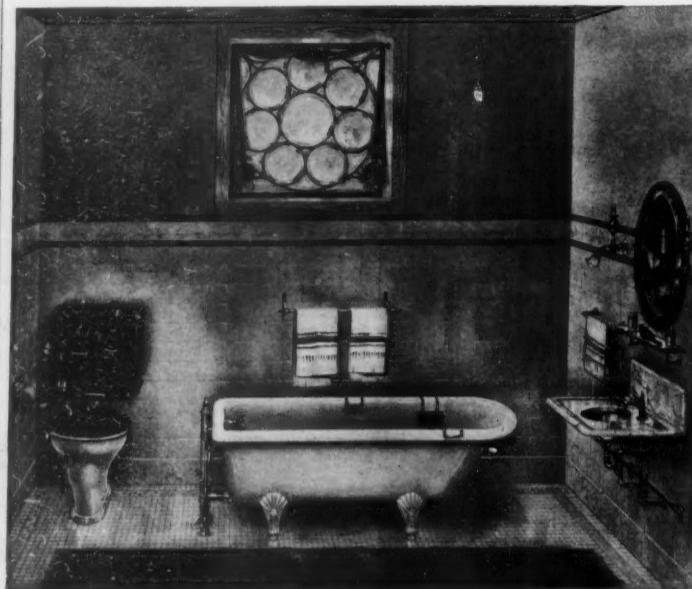
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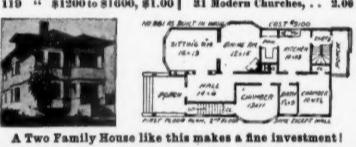
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Assassination of Governor Bobrikoff, of Finland

AFTER four years of dignified but ineffective passive resistance to the thumbscrew policy decreed for the furtherance of their "Russification," the Finns have reached a state bordering on open revolt. Assassination—tyranny's monstrous offspring—has creaved its first victim in the person of Governor-General Bobrikoff, the highest representative of the Imperial Government within the Grand Duchy, a man whose appointment in 1898 caused his own daughter to ask "what the Finns had done," and who so industriously served the clique of plotters at St. Petersburg that the rest of Europe named him "The Hangman of Finland." He was shot twice on June 16 while entering the Senate building at Helsinki, and died the next day from his wounds. His murderer, who, by taking his own life, expiated his crime the moment it was committed, was Eugene Schaumann, a Finnish student belonging to one of the best families in the country, several members of which have suffered persecution on account of their fearless patriotism. Notwithstanding much talk in the Russian press of Finnish conspiracies nursed by Swedish intrigues, the murderer must be regarded as the spontaneous action of an individual whose temperamental trend toward fanaticism led him to a deed wholly foreign to the spirit of the nation as a whole. But even when placed in its proper light, it remains a grave indication of the state of mind into which ruthless assaults on their very life as a nation have driven a people naturally conservative, orderly, and submissive to existing authority. In little more than four years the Finns not only have seen every one of their autonomous institutions swept away by imperial pen-strokes, but have found themselves deprived of personal liberty and have become subject to exile or imprisonment without warrant or judicial process. It must be remembered that, while the population is composed of 2,000,000 Ugrian Finns and only 300,000 Swedes, the minority includes the wealthy and educated classes. The culture of the country is Scandinavian, not Russian. The leaders in every field are, in sympathy and language, Swedes. This has been used by the enemies of Finnish liberty as the principal excuse for their attacks on the rights of a people that is able to point to achievements in art, in literature, in commerce, in industry, that always equal and often surpass those of their masters. The Finnish Constitution dates back to 1772. It was ratified by Alexander I in 1809, after he had taken the land by force from Sweden, of which it had then formed an integral part for six hundred years. Each succeeding Czar, including Nicholas II, solemnly guaranteed, on his ascension to the throne, to leave the Grand Duchy in undisturbed enjoyment of its national administration and free institutions, its religion, its language, its schools, its freedom of thought and speech. Even the first Nicholas, called the Iron Czar, kept that oath sacred. The appointment of Bobrikoff, who had already won ill-fame by stamping out the national spirit in the Baltic provinces, was a warning to the Finnish people that the long-dreaded storm was breaking. They were kept in suspense till February 15, 1899, when their worst fears became materialized in an imperial ukase abrogating the Constitution, abolishing the National Parliament, and ordering that for the future their land should be administered as a Russian province. Then followed a series of decrees and ukases directed toward the undermining of the existence of the Finnish people as a distinct nation. Their army was dissolved. A new conscription law was forced on them, compelling their youth to serve as recruits in Russian regiments stationed outside the country. The press was almost wiped out. Meetings of any kind were forbidden. One after another the native officials—high and low; executive, legislative, and judicial—were ignominiously discharged, and imported Russians, or—still worse—Finnish renegades, were put in their places. The Russian language was made compulsory in courts and schools and government offices. The final and foulest blow was struck in April, 1903, when the Czar gave Bobrikoff unlimited power to exile, imprison, or deport any Finnish citizen suspected of opposition to the plans of Russia. Since then a reign of terror has prevailed. The gendarmerie and the Cossack rule. Espionage has become rampant. The searching of the houses of private citizens is a daily occurrence. Hundreds of the best men and women have been driven out of their native land on a few hours' notice. Others have been arrested secretly and sent to distant Russian provinces, while their families were left in complete ignorance of their fate. Millions of dollars have been lifted out of the national treasury into that of the empire, while public property of even greater value has been sequestered as if it belonged to a hostile nation. Until young Schaumann fired his fatal shots against the man whom his countrymen had come to regard as the incarnation of Russian iniquity, the resistance of the oppressed Finns had been confined to refusals to execute or obey unconstitutional decrees. But their patience has been stretched to the snapping point. Resignation is gradually turning into despair. And at the present hour it seems only too likely that the reverberation of those shots may have the effect of an alarm bell, calling the long-suffering nation into armed revolt. The outcome?—Poland gives the answer, it is to be feared.

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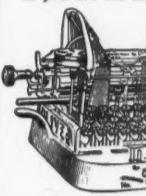
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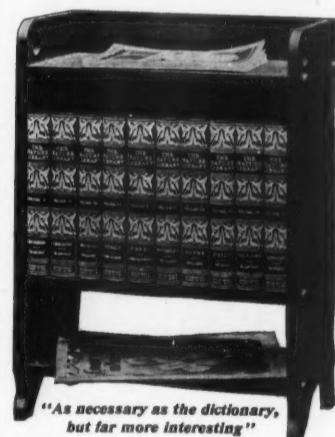
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PARKER'S FOLLY

(Continued from page 15)

Then the gardeners came upon the scene, and full-grown trees crept, as if by magic, from their old woods, to take up stations in the formal divisions of their new home. The making of the garden delighted husband and wife more than anything else. To be able to create a well-grown paradise in this barren spot, without waiting for flowers, shrubs, and trees until they were an old man and woman, was, perhaps, the first thing that gave them the sense of the power of wealth.

At last, after eighteen months of continued labor, the house was finished. Workmen of every class—upholsterers, painters, decorators, etc.—still hovered about the premises, adding finishing touches, but for all that the house was finished, and they were living in it.

*

And now Edith began to learn the vainness of human plans, and to realize that unbroken happiness is not, in the order of nature, continued forever. They had longed for the time when they should be living under their own roof, and now her husband was not happy in his new home. From the first day of their tenancy Edith noticed a change in him. He was ill at ease, and he was not well, though he tried hard to hide this from the loving wife who watched him so anxiously. He was restless and subject to fits of depression. He walked about the long passages, with head down and dejected carriage, or paused, staring at the low carved ceilings, in fits of melancholy abstraction. Then he would rouse himself with a violent effort and hurry out into the garden, or for long rambles over the hills, as if struggling to free himself from his depression by violent and unusual exercise. His rest at night, after those solitary walks, was broken and troubled.

"I assure you I am perfectly well," he said, when his wife questioned him. "I would go to a doctor if there was anything the matter with me, but there is not. Of course, now that the place is finished, our occupation is, in a manner, gone, and I miss it a little."

But such assurances did not quiet Edith in view of the fact that his sleeplessness and nervousness seemed increasing and the depression of his spirits became more and more marked. To oblige her, he consented to call in a Barcombe doctor.

The Barcombe doctor declared that there was nothing wrong with Mr. Parker's health, but strongly advised change of air, and gave the name of a prominent physician in the city, on whom they might call, if a second opinion would give them any satisfaction. The second opinion was the same as the first. There was nothing the matter with Mr. Parker, but he would do well to try a temporary change of surroundings.

A rapid tour in Scotland quickly proved the soundness of the medical advice.

Mr. Parker returned to Barcombe in the highest of spirits and full of schemes for the future enjoyment of his home. Unfortunately, however, the return to Barcombe meant the return of the former and disquieting symptoms. Gradually, and imperceptibly, the old depression and abstraction reappeared and settled with a stronger hold on their victim than before.

Listless and weary, Mr. Parker would wander disconsolately about his wonderful house and its beautiful grounds, dragging himself up the granite steps, from terrace to terrace, or leaning on the balustrades to look with lack-lustre eyes on the waving branches below. Then, after a day or two, Edith would carry him off to the city to seek fresh advice.

What was the matter with Mr. Parker? He only knew that he was ill, that a strange depression weighed him down; that, in spite of his love for his wife, he found his existence a burden. The doctors explained this morbid condition in a dozen different ways and prescribed as many different methods of treatment to get rid of it. But it was love and not science which found a cure.

"My dear lady, I am puzzled, I confess." It was the first of the great city physicians who had made such a confession, and he was talking to Edith alone, after the consultation, while her husband waited, listless and inert, in another room. "Your husband is the victim of a strange nostalgia. You tell me he has not been born and bred on mountains, and is not now living in a plain, or vice versa. He has not been a sailor, an African traveler, an Alpine climber, or an aeronaut. Had he been, I should have said send him back to the sea or up into the clouds again. Let him have his old occupation again for a brief space!"

That very night, while her husband lay gnashing his teeth and muttering in the restless sleep which came to him now so fitfully, Edith dreamed a strange dream.

She dreamed that she was at Barcombe, and architects, contractors, and workmen came to her, as they had come in the past, and said: "It is finished. See for yourself how well we have obeyed you." Then they pointed to the bungalow, from which a white tower sprang upward to an immense height. Almost as deep into the bowels of the earth as the tower itself a hollow shaft descended, and up and down the well a shiny column and a splendid elevator were rising and falling.

There was nothing in the tower but the shaft and countless little platforms, guarded by strong brass gates, and connected one with another by ladder-like stairs. Then she thought to herself in her dream: "This will cure him of his melancholy! This will give him the healthy occupation that he has been pining for. He shall take me up and down, and I will pretend to be his passengers. Then I will get out and pretend to be myself in the old days, and he shall come rumbling up and look at me with his dear eyes, and speak to me with his dear voice in those old words—the dearest words a girl ever heard—Indian Lace Ottoman Velvet Et cetera! That will cure him!" And it did.

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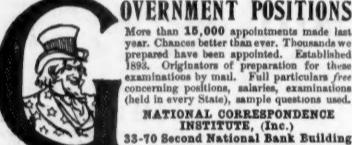
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